

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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in search of Lasseter's Reef
See pages 15, 16, 17



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The Australian Women's WEEKLY — May 5, 1951

Spring and Susan

By...

ALAN
COLE

"Shall we go in now, and be charming to the others?" Paul asked, but Susan had something else to say.

PAUL had to admit something had gone wrong. He hadn't meant it to. He thought he'd used the right sentiments, the phrase nonchalant, the mot juste. But the "good-bye" scene hadn't turned out as he had expected.

He thought of Susan's sad smile, as they stood under the stairway far from the sound of the dancing above. That smile, for instance, had been wrong, not at all according to plan. Susan should have smiled, yes, but not that sad, waiting sort of smile.

She had been waiting for entirely different sentiments, he thought, for words that he just wouldn't allow himself to say. He said the words now softly to himself, "Susan, I love you." And he shook himself.

For months now there had been moments when he had thought: This is too perfect to last. Get out while the getting's good. You may be resilient, he had thought, but not that resilient.

He had been let down before. There was something in him, a kind of self-negation, that thought out a ruthless sadism in women. He had been helpless before.

So he knew. Oh, yes, he knew, and this time would be different. "The idea is," he told himself, "to find a girl who's fun, don't let things get serious, and if they do, get out quickly."

And he had found Susan. He met her at one of those Friday afternoon parties that had made Laurette Cheyney's garden flat in Chelsea famous.

Laurette was one of those women who had become satiated with his selflessness. She hadn't dropped him completely, however. Every so often, she would pull the string, and he would find himself back at one of her Friday afternoon parties.

Here it was that he had found Susan. Young, oh, so innocently, country-fresh young he had thought, when first he saw her standing alone in the sunlight which came through a high bay window. It was that spring when they had worn cotton frocks with the New Look.

Susan's green skirt came half-way to her ankles.

She's a bewitching little girl, dressed up in one of her mother's dresses too long for her, just arrived in the big city, and so young, was his first thought.

His second thought was: So calculated! Cocktail siren playing country maid.

And he turned, hardened cynic, to the drink tray which had been thoughtfully left beside him.

Something made him turn again with the drink in his hand, but the girl wasn't in the sunlight.

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ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 5, 1951

Page 3



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PAUL held a glass, and it was then Susan was suddenly at his side smiling up at him.

"Down the hatch," she said, and lifted her glass.

"That's an American toast," he said, and remembered that he had heard something about this girl. Susan: Somebody, just over from Canada.

"So it is," she agreed. "And this is Holland gin and Italian vermouth; that is a Brazilian artist over there; and over there a Danish nobleman; and in the dining-room you'll find some french windows. They lead out to a quiet, quiet garden. Shall we look at the first crocuses?"

"I think you could do with some fresh air," he said, and led her through the next room and out into the cool, wonderfully fresh, bright evening.

London was relaxed. It was quiet with the quietness of a vigorous spirit grown calm between moments of action.

In Laurette's garden, London was as still as a wood path, a wood path near an ocean, far from above and beyond their quiet corner came a sound like a wave rushing through pebbles on some beach.

"You see?" said Susan. "Just like I said, isn't it?"

"Yes. Now why not sit down over here." He led the way to a garden bench of twisted iron.

"Yes," she repeated. "Well, just what did I say? And why did I say it?"

"We haven't been introduced," he interrupted her, trying to stem the flood of words which threatened to twist the clean line of her lips into a distortion of self-pity.

"I haven't been properly introduced, I know, but my name is Paul Lomax, and you're Susan Somebody, who has just come over from Canada."

"Feeling quite merry on sherry wine," the girl sang. She tossed her head, straightened her back, and looked him in the eye.

"How do you do, Paul Lomax?" she said. "I'm not really merry. I'm sad because spring has come and nobody cares."

She waved a hand at the Tree of Paradise. "Look," she said. "Green again. Right in the very trunk."

And it was true. In the late sunlight, the bark had the green look of old brass.

"And over there," she went on, "the ground is damp and

Spring and Susan

Continued from page 3

rich and waiting for seed. And nobody cares."

For a moment it seemed to Paul that nobody in the world did care. Except for himself; he cared.

"You've got the 'five o'clock' feeling, Susan," he said.

The girl looked at him curiously. "Do you know?" she said. "I know exactly what you mean. I've never called it that, but there is something about five o'clock... What is it?"

He thought to himself: Well, what is it? But before he could ask aloud, she was answering her own question.

"It's people coming home, I think," she said. "Everybody goes home to somebody at five o'clock. They put down their tools and go home and eat dinner and listen to the radio."

He laughed and said, "Or else they come to one of Laurette's parties, or to one of the hundreds of other Hours of Charm in London. Come off it, Susan. Life isn't a pastoral poem."

She looked sharply at him. "You know that," he went on. "I can see you do."

AND that was how it had begun—their pact.

Life wasn't simple and clean, and altogether happy, they decided. It was a fight from start to finish, a fight to hold on to one's job, one's position, one's very heart and soul.

Didn't he know? He'd lost his heart again and again, and had it returned every time.

And didn't Sue know? She had sat with him that early evening in the pale spring light and struck them off her fingers.

There was Mark who was cautious, Larry who was bland, Robert who was noble, and "Oh, dozens of others," she said extravagantly. "The original 'Girl men leave behind them,' that's me. What's the matter with me, anyway? Am I too eager or something?"

"What's the matter with both of us, Susan?"

"Call me Sue, please."

"Maybe we're both too eager, Sue. Maybe..."

Looking at the evening's first star, showing wanly over a high roof-top, she interrupted him.



"I don't want to get left again, hanging on to a sky-hook."

"Neither do I. Pretty soon, enough becomes too much."

Paul broke the silence. "Are you looking for somebody, Sue?"

"Yes." Her answer was soft. As she spoke, she stood and walked a little out of the light and further into the darkness around the Tree of Paradise.

She turned and spoke again. "For fun, you understand. Not for keeps. It's spring, and I'd like it to be just like a game of marbles," she laughed gaily.

"Did you play marbles?"

"In Canada, all the little girls played marbles; and the smart little girls played for 'funsies'."

Somehow that moment answered all their questions about each other. They smiled at each other, and for the first time that evening their smiles were careless, not hiding fears or disappointments of pain.

"Shall we go in now, and be charming to the others?" asked Paul.

"And cool to each other?" asked Susan. "Real blase love affair!"

They laughed. She came and took his arm, and they walked towards the house.

Just outside the french windows she stepped in front of him and looked up into his face. She held both his arms and shook them a little as if to convince him of the earnestness in what she was about to say.

"I'm not afraid of love, you understand, Paul. I'm not afraid of love, only its imitations. I've had my fill of imitations, and I'm not having any more. When the real thing comes, I'll know. But let's not try and kid ourselves into thinking this is it."

She smiled.

"Right?" she asked gaily.

"Right!" he returned.

They walked into the house and were charming to people.

That was the beginning of what they sometimes, in private, called their game of marbles.

During the next few months they were together constantly. Friends said they were very good for each other; by autumn the gossip had made them a most romantic item.

The gossip was wrong, but friends were right. They were good for each other. Their relationship had given each a new confidence, for the fear that lives with love unrequited had gone from them. Their hearts had become their own now, safe from hurt.

"That's the word," Paul said now to himself, "I was so safe with Sue."

For him it had been an ideal arrangement. He had emerged from the depression of one unhappy love affair after another. He discovered that his ideas were important to somebody. They were not only important to Susan, they were inspirational.

He helped her find a kiln where she could bake American pottery, a hobby she had brought from Canada and now proposed to turn into a vocation. With his help, she began to sell her work, to know the feeling of success. Both of them had found stability. And they considered themselves too practical ever to fall in love with each other.

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Did you
PROTEX
yourself this
morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND FRAGRANCE



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MY CHOICE AS
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PRO/101

OBSSESSED by fierce, over-possessive love of his young son NICHOLAS, CONSUL HARRINGTON BRANDE congratulates himself that he has put an end to the boy's eager friendship with the young gardener, JOSE SANTERO. But during Brande's official absence in Madrid, Nicholas, frightened by the drunken excesses of the butler, GARCIA, goes to Jose's home for the night.

Realising himself on learning this, Brande summons his friend, the charlatan psychiatrist PROFESSOR HALEVEY, to advise him. Halevy, who had found Brande a profitable source of income, willingly puts a grave construction on the affair.

He submits Nicholas to absurd psycho-analysis, and the boy, angry and bewildered, breaks down when Garcia's wife, MAGDALENA, stolidly denies her husband's drunkenness. NOW READ ON:

The Spanish Gardener

By A. J. CRONIN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

HARRINGTON BRANDE paid only a cursory visit to the Consulate that morning, remaining there in a state of mounting tension for about an hour, before hastening back, with nerves aquiver, to have luncheon with the house guest.

Now the mournful meal was over, the professor had made his report, and the two men sat in the dining-room, where coffee had been served to them.

"Then there is no doubt remaining in your mind?" The Consul, with haggard face and bitter mouth, at last broke the silence which had fallen upon them.

"None whatever," The Professor swallowed his coffee with every appearance of satisfaction. "That transference of the guilt complex is quite typical . . . and his breakdown when he was confronted with Magdalena."

Brande's pale brow drew together in a sudden spasm.

"I hope it was not too severe a trial for my son."

"My dear friend . . . what are a few childish tears, a temporary headache, against the major issue at stake?"

"He is not suffering now?" Again Brande groped for some alleviation of that anxiety which permeated the very marrow of his bones.

"Probably he is sound asleep. In any case you must not go near him. Solitude, opportunity for reflection, these are essential components of my treatment."

Beneath the table the Consul compressed his napkin into a hard tight ball. Not looking at Halevy he said: "And Jose?"

The Professor put down his cup with a reflective frown . . .

"I cross-examined him at length this morning. A plausible rascal," he hesitated. "I know how you feel about him, my dear Brande, but actually what can we do? You cannot take proceedings against him without inflicting enormous damage on the Nicholas and yourself. The pub-

licity alone . . . it's unthinkable."

"Something must be done." In a tone of menace, Brande bit out the words.

"Then be patient. If you give a fellow of that type enough rope he's sure to hang himself. Why, Garcia let out, quiet by accident, when I talked with him before lunch that lately he's missed several small sums of money from his room. He didn't say it in so many words—he's too discreet for that—but I was sharp enough to see that he suspects Jose is the thief."

"What?" The Consul drew himself suddenly erect, his eye lit by a slow gleam. "Money stolen from Garcia . . . ? This must be seen to without delay."

He reached out and rang the small silver bell which stood before him on the table. A longish pause followed. Then the butler appeared, buttoning on his white mess jacket, swallowing a last morsel of food.

"Forgive me, senor," he murmured. "I thought you had finished."

Magdalena and I . . .

"Yes, Garcia. I quite understand," broke in the Consul. "And I am sorry to disturb you at your meal. But a matter of extreme importance has just been brought to my notice. Is it the case that you have recently lost certain sums of money?"

"Lost, senor?" Garcia permitted himself the liberty of a slight shrug. "One does not lose money from a locked drawer in one's room."

"Ah! Then the money was stolen."

"Undoubtedly, senor. The lock was skilfully picked."

The Consul drew a deep quick breath, as though he scarcely dared to hope.

"You take it very calmly, my good man."

Again Garcia shrugged, in a quiet yet disdainful manner.

"It was not a fortune, senor. Altogether, perhaps thirty or forty pesos were stolen. My philosophy of life does not permit me to regard



Old Pedro and the priest were pleading with his father, Nicholas heard, listening intently.

that as a great disaster. Moreover, I have lived in great houses like that of the de Aostas, where I was forced to associate with dishonest colleagues. Nevertheless . . .

He paused, his eyes bent unblinkingly upon the Consul's face. "Never!—less, senor, I am not calm."

"Why not?"

"Because, senor, I fear that some things of greater value have been stolen."

"Yes?" Brande said quickly.

"Yes," the butler resumed. "I do not desire to make trouble for another. But since you, yourself, raise the subject, I simply ask you, senor

. . . what has become of those articles of value which you keep in the little box upon your dressing-table?"

"You mean my evening studs—my cuff links . . . ?"

"And your small flat watch with diamonds, the sapphire dress buttons, the signet ring . . . all your choice possessions." Garcia took up the enumeration gravely. "I observe them when I am valeting you, senor, and I have never seen finer."

Brande rose. "Come with me, both of you."

He led them upstairs, entered his bedroom. The round morocco

leather box stood in the centre of the dressing-table. Brande threw back the lid. Then he gave a cry. The box was empty.

"Rather careless of you, surely, not to lock it," Halevy murmured, behind him.

Brande spun round with a congested face.

"I trust my people. Never before, in my experience . . . All my jewellery! The intrinsic . . . the sentimental value . . . irreplaceable . . . Garcia, my good fellow, who has done this?"

The butler did not answer, but his gaze directed itself through the open window, and came to rest upon the garden.

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Speak to me **DARLING**

IF anyone should ask you which is the most stupid time for a man and his wife to quarrel, it would take very little thought to present the right answer, "On their honeymoon."

Also, if anyone should ask you which is the most unfortunate time for a hotel to burn down, again it would take only a brief thought to reply, "On the first night of one's honeymoon."

And if anyone should suggest that two such overwhelming misfortunes could not possibly happen to the same man, allow me to stand before you as the gloomy example.

It is only with a struggle that I delay the introduction of the great fool, Roger LaFleche, a man who by the charity of the free Province of Quebec is allowed to call himself a guide.

But first, the burning of the hotel.

It began almost as if to signify the arrival of Arlene and me after the 40-miles drive from our marriage in Ville Real. Our bags were still in the lobby, and I caught them up as I ran from the hotel and across the street with my Arlene.

You might say, "All right; one hotel is burning, but there are other hotels in other villages." You would be right. But first my hat caught fire from a burning splinter. Then I had to dash to move my car from a wall about to fall.

Also, after a cry went up, I helped to remove two old men and their chairs from the hotel basement, where they had been talking politics and hadn't noticed the fire, although already two upper floors were gone.

Soon after that, all stopped combating the fire to watch its end. While the last walls crashed I sat on a kerb with my Arlene. She looked at me thought-

In all the Province of Quebec there wasn't a more unhappy bridegroom than Armand . . . a more beautiful bride than Arlene . . . or a worse trouble-maker than the guide Roger.

fully, and then sighed and drew from her handbag a small bottle of whisky.

"My father said to bring this, Armand," she told me. "He said in marriages there are many emergencies. Perhaps this is one."

"Perhaps," I agreed, drinking gratefully and looking often into her soft and loving brown eyes. I tell you, there was some romance, sitting in the dying light of that burning hotel.

I was tired and we talked quietly, and it was very peaceful until the priest came along the street and called loudly that the hotel in the next village was now filled with refugees from this one, and if there were any others without beds to follow him.

We followed him. He was a brisk man and skilled at dealing with refugees. A few minutes later I left Arlene for a minute, and the priest showed me blankets and a pool table.

"But my wife," I said, "who is outside. I mean, for her . . ."

"She is by now en route to the convent, two miles away," he said. "That is her billet. This is yours." He disappeared suddenly, to perform some other good deed, no doubt.

Have I explained fully that our first night was not together? If so, I wish to assure you now that, except for keeping Arlene and me apart on our wedding night, the fire in the hotel will have in this story no more significance.

So, in the morning, hampered only by a neck made stiff from resting all night in a corner pocket, I picked up my Arlene at the convent.

By lunchtime we were on the rolling gravel roads that

"We could fish," said Arlene without great enthusiasm, although she is as ardent in fishing as in most things.

"Where do you live?" I asked, with misgiving.

"Scarcely one hundred yards from the cottage you have hired," he said. "Close enough to be of great aid. And since there are few tourists in September and as a guide I am not busy, I will be glad to be of assistance."

"Thank you," said Arlene. "That is kind of you—"

"—but we will be quite happy by ourselves," I added hastily. "What she means is, thank you all the same."

This LaFleche was not an old man, as I can see from his eyes as he observes Arlene. He is short, but handsome in a small way.

"I shall be with you in an hour," he said. "I am glad to be of service." And he was gone into the pines before I could tell him in fewer words to stay away.

"You should not be rude to the man, who wished to help," Arlene said gently, but it was all I could do to manage a small and strained smile in return.

I carried our bags into the house, cursing this LaFleche under my breath, and in my preoccupation forgot another thing. I remembered it only after three trips, when I noticed my Arlene standing on the step.

"Are you going to carry me in?" she asked in a small voice.

"Ah," I said, all my anger melting in an instant, and I lifted her as a man should lift his bride, with my blood racing and tingling within.

I was bending down to kiss her, when there was a clearing of the throat from behind, and there is that fool LaFleche again, standing where a path in the pines opened on our clearing. With him was a woman with a sharp but not unkind face. By a small wiggling, Arlene let me know she wished to be set down.

"I brought my wife to introduce her," said LaFleche.

"Madame and Monsieur—"

"Desjardins," I said briefly.

"Armand and Arlene," said Arlene, with her smile. "We are glad to meet you."

"Yes, Madame," he said.

The boat jerked under me as it started. I fell into my seat, in the middle of the boat, feeling sure that the jerk had been on purpose, as LaFleche laughed loudly.

Even Arlene smiled, and the mad feeling came to me again. I silently fixed a line for Arlene, then got my own ready. I felt better when I had my line in the water, remembering the great many fish I had caught in the past when I was courting Arlene at her father's mill.

In new exuberance, I spoke again. "I will catch you a great fish," I boasted to her. "We will eat fish all this week."

"Bah!" said LaFleche.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Only I know where the fish are in this lake," he said. "And it would not pay me to guide you there for only two dollars. Of course, you can fish up and down in this mile of shore before the cottage, but you will catch nothing of size."

Each time this man opened his mouth I became angry. I forced myself to remember that this was our honeymoon and should not be further disturbed, and answered with restraint. "Nevertheless," I said, "I will catch a great fish."

LaFleche smiled. "The great fish bite only when coaxed by Roger LaFleche," he said. "You may catch some small ones, yes. They are stupid. Each year the Government puts them in; each year the tourists take them out. Some of these fish do not stay in the lake long enough to get thoroughly wet."

"Have you, then, a special agreement with the big fish?" I asked. "I suppose you drop a note on the end of a string and say, 'Now is the time.' Is that it?"

"I won't tell my secret," Roger said, shrugging.

Arlene must have sensed I was about to become angry again. She reached forward and placed her hand on my arm. This Roger LaFleche hadn't mentioned the lack of fish until he had our money and we were out on the lake.

By SCOTT YOUNG

skirted a lake in the high Laurentians, watching for the turn-off to the cottage I had engaged for the one week of our honeymoon.

It was a happy drive, blissful and swift in the holding of hands and meeting of eyes. And, not knowing of Roger LaFleche, I thought, "At the end we will be alone."

If you knew my Arlene you would understand my state of mind. She is twenty-two, one year younger than me, and full of beauty. Once I witnessed a man who, watching her walk with me, strode briskly into the side of the main office of the Banque Canadienne Nationale, at great cost to his nose.

Another, carrying a briefcase and wearing a velvet-collared coat and showing other evidences of an almost solid sanity, walked unseeing from a kerb and fell to the knees of his striped trousers before he removed his glance from my hatless, glowing Arlene, with her flourish of a walk.

In addition, she is a cook of great merit, and much in love with me.

When we left the highway for the pine-rimmed lane to the cottage Arlene squeezed my hand, and in reaction I almost crashed into a small man in a checked shirt who suddenly appeared in the road, waving and calling to us.

This was that man Roger LaFleche.

"Ah, on the honeymoon," he said, after one look at us. "Well, it is only noon. Perhaps it would be a good idea to go out on the lake this afternoon. The day is warm for September. The view is good from my boat. It also has a motor. It would cost you only two dollars."

"We will be busy for a time, unpacking," I said coldly.

Immediately, Madame LaFleche tugged at her husband's sleeve and they left, and then Arlene turned to me. "You should not be rude," she said, this time not so gently.

"That is like asking a pearl not to be rude to an oyster," I muttered. "That man is enveloping us." I picked her up and carried her through the door. But it is not the same, carrying your bride through the door when you have been arguing first.

Arlene speedily made coffee, and dipped rapidly to kiss me as she passed. I believe that within a short while the tension would have been gone had it not been for that LaFleche.

He came again at one-thirty. I was determined not to become annoyed with him again, as I had seen how even my small attacks on him had affected Arlene. The landing was fifty feet through the pines in front of the cottage.

I paid him and climbed into the boat and placed Arlene carefully with cushions in the bows and examined our fishing tackle. Only then did I notice that LaFleche also was getting into the boat.

"I could run the engine," I said desperately. "Or, even, I could row."

"It's no trouble," he said. "There is no difference in the price. Two dollars for the afternoon."

"For two dollars, you give a good deal of service, Monsieur," said Arlene.

"We will stay until we catch a big fish," I said.

He smiled. "This boat does not work when there is ice on the lake, and it is only two months until it will freeze."

"We'll catch a big fish before two months!" I shouted. "We are here only for a week, and we will catch a big fish on each day we come out!" I was maddened with anger now. "Go out farther!"

"Do not shout," Arlene said.

"I will not go out farther," said LaFleche.

"Go out farther!" I shouted again.

"Do not shout!" shouted Arlene.

"I will shout!" I shouted at her. "We paid, and we will go toward that island out there!"

LaFleche finally turned outward. In my anger I almost forgot my line. I had to lift it fast to prevent its becoming entangled with the propeller when the boat turned. I noticed Arlene was reeling her line in. She was annoyed with me for shouting, I knew.

I jerked angrily back and forth at my line to make the lure at the other end go through the water like a small fish, although in truth it doesn't look like a small fish to me and I have always thought that if it looks like a small fish to a lake trout, there can be no great future for lake trout.

Please turn to page 53

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

LOVE

*She had to make
Peter realise he
meant more to
her than any
glamorous career*

MOIRA KERRY was as lovely as a photographer's model. In fact, she'd been a model twenty-four hours earlier. Had been, until the moment when, posing for the camera with a man's arms round her, she'd realised with sharp finality that the only pair of arms that she ever wanted to have round her were three hundred miles away. Peter Dare's arms.

It had been a spur of the moment decision that had brought her from the busy, impersonal elegance of the photographer's studio to the front seat of a dusty old car, where she now sat, watching the wind-rippled sweep of grass to the right of the road.

Suddenly, she bounced round to face the hollow-checked man she'd paid to drive her from Westhill station. "Look," she cried breathlessly. "Beyond the tree. Isn't that Peter Dare?"

The man slowed the car, found the tall dark figure on the crest of a hill, silhouetted against the sky.

"Yes, I'd say that was Peter."

Moira's gloved hand flew to the door handle. "Then I'll get out here. I'll cut across to him."

The man looked dubious. "Peter's considerably farther away than he looks. Half a mile, I'd say."

Moira's laughter was rich warm music. "I've come three hundred miles to see Peter Dare. Half a mile of barbed wire entanglement couldn't stop me."

The driver stopped the car. Moira stepped out quickly, peeled off her green suede gloves and threw them, with her handbag, into the seat beside him. She

followed them with her fur jacket and turban. "I won't need these walking," she explained.

"Well," the man said reluctantly, "I can take your bags and things on to the Dares' house, then come back to see if you've got there."

"Oh, I'll get there," she laughed again. Then, "Oh, wait!" She snatched up her bag, took a handkerchief from it. "I'll need this. Know what I do when I'm utterly happy?" She lifted her hands and let them drop in a gesture of helpless disgust. "I cry!"

She wished vaguely that her shoes were more appropriate for walking, but when she'd packed for this trip she'd been much too excited to think of such things.

The very moment she'd come to her senses and had admitted to herself that a career was the last thing she wanted, she'd joyously thrown large indiscriminate handfuls of clothes into two cases and had taken a train for what she did want: Peter Dare.

"I should have been convinced months ago that I love Peter hopelessly," she thought, "when I first began to be annoyed by every man I met because he wasn't tall and trim, with a soft, lazy voice, and black curly hair."

But Peter could be stern and stubborn. "What a row we had," she sighed.

"Come with me, Peter," she'd pleaded when she'd decided on a career a year ago. "We can be married there."

He'd given her a dark, pained look. "And what would a man who makes his living raising horses do in London?"

"But you could do something else."

"Moira, this is my life. I belong here,

SCENE

By NELMA HAYNES

and here I'm going to stay," he'd said with finality. Then, in a changed tone he'd pleaded, "Don't go, Moira."

"I won't bury myself here just because I love you. Love is not worth it!" she'd lashed out, wanting to hurt him because she was disappointed andasperated.

He'd taken her words slowly, his eyes narrowing. "Maybe you're right. I'll be seeing you in the toothpaste ad," he'd said, and had strode angrily away.

But he won't be angry still, she smiled now. She'd known Peter since she could remember and she knew his anger came seldom and was short-lived. She'd tell him how terribly wrong she'd been to go.

As she hurried through the grass she kept her eyes on Peter's figure on top of the hill. He'd stopped working. His head was bent as if in meditation, his hands in the pockets of his jacket.

But suddenly she stopped. For Peter had started walking away from her. He wasn't swinging along in his old easy way. He was limping badly.

"He's hurt!" she thought in panic and ran headlong towards him.

She called wildly, "Peter! Peter!"

He spun round and saw her then. He stood still and tense. "It can't be you," he was murmuring as if to himself.

"It is me," she cried out, stumbling to him. "But what has happened to you, darling? You're hurt! Please tell me what's wrong!"

His eyes narrowed, and focused on her then. After a minute he said, "Oh, you mean the gammy leg." He smoothed his face into an unreadable expression, and his tone became very casual.

"An accident," he said. "Bill Towne and I were shooting rabbits. Bill was crawling through a barbed-wire fence, his gun went off, and got me in the leg. I've had some trouble with it."

"Oh, Peter, you've been ill! I can tell!" she moaned. "And no one let me know."

She was thinking that he'd needed her, and she'd been gone. She caught hold of his lapels, leaned her forehead against the cool leather of his jacket, and choked out, "Peter, I'm so sorry I could die."

"Here, here," he said with gentle concern. "Don't take this to heart. I'm not so badly off as you might think. You saw me at my worst."

He smiled ruefully. "I'd been brooding, I'm afraid. And this leg gets tem-

peramental when I do. But I'll be all right."

"Oh, I know you will, but I should have been here!" she wailed unconsoled. "If I'd known, believe me..." Her throat tightened and she couldn't go on.

"Of course you'd have come." He shook her gently. "I believe you. You think I've forgotten what a self-sacrificing dither you always got into when anybody was hurt?"

"I'll never go away again," she whispered. "I'm going to stay and care for you, always!"

"Hey," Peter said. "So I got myself smashed up a bit. It doesn't call for sacrifices."

"Oh, I didn't mean..." She looked up at him. "Peter, it's what I want. We can be married—" She broke off.

He was shaking his head slowly. "But thanks anyway, Moira," he said. For a moment, he stood quietly studying her face, then he marvelled softly. "You'd do it, though. You're quite a girl. A marvellous friend."

"Friend!" she cried, her eyes very bright and worried. "Peter, don't talk about sacrifices and friendship when you see I still love you."

QUITE suddenly there was a tautness around his eyes, and his mouth grew grim. "Moira, don't try to rekindle old love with pity."

"Pity! Who said anything about pity?" she asked unhappily. "I was talking about—"

"Wait," he cut in grimly. "You've had quite a shock, seeing me like this. I'm a little pathetic to you now."

He turned swiftly away from her and limped off, saying as he went, "Let's go and see Mother and Dad. They'll be happy as larks to see you."

Moira gasped, realising completely only then that everything had gone wrong. She hadn't said what she'd come to say. She'd said all the wrong things. She'd given the wrong impression. She had to make him see the truth.

She caught hold of his sleeve and made him stop. "I came back to tell you I was wrong to go away. I've come back to stay. And this has nothing to do with your being hurt. Don't you see?"

They stood facing each other now. "You decided this before you knew I'd been ill?"

"Yes, Peter!"

His grip on her shoulders tightened.

But then he noticed her clothes for the first time. The inadequate high-heeled sandals, the gold dress, the sheer, ruined nylons.

The kindling light in his eyes died. "I see," he said flatly. "This is one of your rash impulses, isn't it?"

Moira caught a quick scared breath. He'd always been able to ferret out the weakest point in her arguments with uncerring precision. If she told him the truth... Well, she wouldn't.

"Oh, no, Peter," she denied. "It was not just an impulse." She hid her eyes with lowered lids, unable to meet his searching grey gaze, but she went on, "I thought it all out carefully, and—"

"Look at me," he cut in, lifting her chin. His soft voice was steel-edged, relentless. "Now. You decided all this in one minute flat, and rushed back here without another thought, didn't you?"

Her breath was much too shallow. "Yes, Peter, but—"

"You never were any good at lying," he said. "Nostalgia is a terrible trickster, Moira. A few days in the country, and you'll get bored and restless again, and you'll run back to that glamorous job of yours faster than you left it. You don't belong out here."

Panic fluttered in her throat. "I do! I do!" she protested shakily. "Don't you remember how happy I was during the time I was growing up out here?"

"I do. But then, you grew up and you thought it was too quiet and you wanted excitement and you got career-struck."

"That was just a phase! It's over."

He looked remote, as if he hadn't heard her. "You were right to go," he said musingly. "This slow, simple life is not for girls like you. You've got a fine start in your job, and some day a film talent scout will see you, and your future will be assured."

"I don't want that kind of future!" After a pause, she said wistfully, "That's not the way you talked the day I left."

His one-sided smile was humorless. "I was thinking only of myself that day. But I've done a lot more thinking since then. When I marry, I want it to be for always. I want my wife to be happy, and contented."

"I could be happy here. I know that now! Peter, I've changed."

He looked at her, his dark eyebrows raised. "I bet that you'll be back in



the city in three weeks, glad to get back too. Want to bet?"

"Yes, I do," she said with a level, challenging glance.

"Stubborn as ever. You always had a soft heart and a hard head," he said. He tousled her hair, then walked on saying, "Let's go and see the family."

She was suddenly very tired, and she stumbled awkwardly.

Peter put a steadying hand on her arm. "You can't walk as well as I can," he said dryly.

After a while she said quietly, "I'm sorry I emoted all over the place."

"Forget it."

They walked to his car and drove home without speaking. Moira looked about her at the familiar landscape.

She didn't even know if the land was beautiful. But she knew that it was real, and that there was a kind of communion between it and the people that loved and understood it. She wanted to tell Peter that at last she realised all this.

But this is not the time, she thought with an intuitive patience new to her.

With a nostalgic pang, she saw the Dare house. She'd been there many times. Peter's sister Ruth had been her closest friend through their school years.

There were the big barns, Peter's stables, the low sprawling house. Weathered by almost a half-century of sun and rain and wintry blasts, the house had the same quiet peace, the same ever-and-ever look of the hills, the plains, and the high pale sky.

Please turn to page 10

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

Don't be a -
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BE A "MARIGNY" GIRL . .

There's nothing upsets the male ardour more than seeing the "light of his eyes" with her hair "pinned up"

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AT the mill Peter suggested they stop for a drink. The water was pure, and dewy-fresh. Moira sighed when she'd finished drinking. "How homesick I've been!" "Of course you have," he answered with quiet reasonableness. "But you'll get over that after a short while, and then everything here will fade into its proper place . . . pleasant memories."

They entered the house by the back way. As they did so, Moira felt a twinge of doubt. Sarah and Jim Dare, Peter's parents, had welcomed her so many times, but that had been before she'd made Peter unhappy.

Peter called, "Anybody home? Look who has come to see us."

Sarah and Jim appeared quickly. Sarah gave Moira a quick, tight hug. "Sit down, dear," she said, "you must be very tired. We can talk while I make supper."

"How are your people, Moira?" Jim asked. "We haven't heard much from them since they moved from here."

"They're fine, but I haven't seen them yet. I came straight here," she answered, hoping that Peter would get the significance of that.

But he stood at the window, apparently lost in a quiet, dreary world of his own. A feather of fear brushed her throat.

They told her all the news. They were sad together over the little tragedies, merry together over the comedies, until at last Sarah said, "We've kept you here talking until supper is almost ready! You better go and wash, children. Jim took your bags to Ruth's old room, Moira. Of course you remember where it is."

Peter came from the window then, and said dryly, "She ought to. She and Ruth spent enough nights there giggling and whispering until all hours."

Moira laughed. "I can't wait to see Ruth!" she cried. "I'll phone her," Peter said.

"You'll have to wait," Sarah told them. "She's in town. Won't be back until late."

Moira took a quick bath and dressed. Hurriedly, she brushed her tousled hair, and stepped from her room on to the thick rug that covered the floor of the hall.

Then she saw Peter at the telephone, his back to her. He was saying, "I'm sorry, Kathryn. I can't make it to-night. Company . . . No. No one you know."

Moira closed the door softly behind her, and leaned weakly against it. Peter . . . and another girl!

Later she went out to join the others in the kitchen. Peter hadn't returned. Sarah was putting scones into the oven. Jim was sitting at the big table reading his paper.

They both looked up, and again beamed their welcome,

Continued from page 9

and Jim said, "My, my, you look pretty, Moira." She smiled weakly, "Thanks. I tried hard enough."

He chuckled, put down his paper and cleared his throat. "How do you like London?" he asked, casually, but Moira sensed that that wasn't exactly what they wanted to know.

"It's wonderful and exciting," she told them. "But too wearing as a steady diet. Someone forever telling you how to sit, how to stand, how to smile, how to laugh. It seemed tedious and confining and artificial."

She smiled ruefully. "I was out of my element. And, too, I found that Peter was more important to me than anything else."

Sarah sighed, and turned back to the stove. Jim's face softened in relief. "You told Peter all this?" he asked.

She sat down at the table, put her chin in her hands and looked at him dully. "Not exactly. I tried. He wouldn't listen."

"Well, give him a little time," Jim encouraged. "He's not quite himself these days. But he'll soon see that you're in earnest about this."

She looked up to face them, and asked in a small, tight voice, "Who . . . who is Kathryn?"

Jim's smile faded. "Oh, Kathryn Dawes. She moved here after you left. She's been after Peter ever since she came, too."

Sarah spoke from across the room. "Jim, we ought to be fair about her. We mustn't forget how thoughtful she was when Peter was so ill. She brought books and new records, and made the time pass for him."

Moira thought forlornly: While I was away baring my teeth at a camera to sell somebody's toothpaste!

They ate the evening meal at the big kitchen table. Peter sat across from Moira. His dark peaked hairline and black brows emphasised his pallor. She watched him, knowing that her heart was in her eyes, but only Sarah and Jim saw.

Was he thinking of Kathryn?

Moira was glad when the meal ended. After a while they all gathered in the living-room.

Jim and Sarah didn't stay long. Jim mentioned a murder mystery he'd begun. Sarah murmured something about sewing to do. With the sweet smiles of nice conspirators, they left Moira and Peter alone.

Moira sat on a chintz-covered sofa. She was tense, and worried. She'd never felt this way before, alone with Peter.

Peter rose from his chair, to look idly among the gramophone records, finally putting

a stack of them on the radio-gram, then he returned to his chair. He stretched out his long legs, laid his head back and closed his eyes.

In repose, he looked pale and tired and harassed, she noticed, with a little rush of tenderness.

After a while he spoke, without opening his eyes. "Ruth will come for you in the morning."

Moira sat forward, surprised. "But Ruth isn't at home yet."

"I told Luke to tell her. She'll come."

Moira's throat felt uncomfortably dry. So he'd taken matters into his own hands. He was putting her out of his life. She could guess his plan. In the morning, Ruth would come for her.

When Moira managed to get back to the Dare house, Peter would be gone. He'd be visiting friends. Or else he'd have the house full of mutual friends. A friendly gesture, but she'd never be able to see him alone. And finally, she'd have to leave. And she wouldn't see him again.

He wanted her to go. She had to know precisely why. The reason was the important thing. She had to know tonight. Now. This was her last chance. She felt the dull, fast tapping of her heart.

MOIRA gripped the edge of the sofa. "Peter," she said, "Why do you want me to go?"

His eyes opened swiftly, immediately alert and wary. "Haven't we gone over that pretty thoroughly already?"

"Is it the things you talked about?" she persisted, her voice not quite steady, "or have you stopped loving me?"

He sat up in his chair. "Moira, must we talk about it?"

"I've got to know!" When he spoke, his soft voice was velvet over steel. "I've stopped loving you."

She sat motionless. Now you know, she thought. You stayed away too long.

Numbly, she rose. She walked with slow, precise steps across the grey rug to the door. There she turned back to look at him. It would have to be a silent good-bye. She must not harass him further.

Peter looked grim. He jammed his pipe between his white teeth and raised a match to light it. And Moira's heart did a cartwheel. Peter's hand was shaking!

He was not as calm as he would have her believe. A tingling tide of hope rushed over her. Maybe he had not told her the truth. Somehow she had to break his grim control.

Love Scene

H

HIDING her face in her cold, unsteady hands Moira sobbed. The record ended, the mechanical changer clicked, another record began, and she sobbed on.

At last Peter rose and crossed the room to her. She could hear his sketchy breathing. "Moira, don't cry, please," he said.

She still went on sobbing.

"I'm sorry if I seemed cruel." He touched her hair. "But a clean break is best for both of us. You'll realise that one of these days, and you'll be glad . . ."

Her sobbing drowned him out.

He took a shaky breath and said in exasperation, "All right. I was lying. I haven't stopped loving you. I can't. But what difference does it make? Don't you see . . ."

She sighed in blissful relief. She'd learned what she wanted to know. "Oh, shut up, darling. You're the one who can't see!" she whispered.

She raised her hands and drew his face down and kissed him. Slowly his arms went around her. But then, after a moment, he held her away, looking at her dry eyes. "I just remembered. You cry only when you're happy. This was a trick. A woman's trick, old as Eve," he scolded gently.

"I had to do it! You'd been so stubborn and so blind. You just wouldn't see that nothing matters but you."

"Nothing? Moira, I've let you think my injury is temporary. It may not be. The doctors are having another go at it soon and they're hopeful. But we can't be sure."

She guessed something like that. "Peter, everything will be all right. I feel so sure!"

"Maybe that's because you want it that way. But if it shouldn't be . . ."

She didn't let him finish. "That couldn't change the way I feel. Not possibly. Peter, look at me. You haven't really looked at me since I came."

He looked at her then. A long, penetrating look that slowly became incredulous. Then she saw the grim restraint drain from his face. She saw joy lift the corner of his mouth, light his eyes.

"Moira!" "You see!" she said. "I told you!"

He drew her to him with such swift strength that the silver in his shirt pocket jingled. Again their eyes met over that sound. And suddenly their laughter joined the music in the room.

It was an odd, joyous duet, his laughter an easy chuckle, hers rich and warm. And finally, tremulous. For now she was crying. Really crying. He saw the tears and gathered her to him and laughed softly, "Cry baby."

(Copyright)

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 5, 1951

Does your girdle have a crush on you?

Twins may be the same height and weight—yet need entirely *different* girdles to be comfortably fitted. So, if you want to lose inches without feeling pinches, slip into the Warner's Le Gant 3-Way-Sized girdle made to fit you in *length, hip-size* and *control*.

Even if you could have a girdle made to order, you could hardly improve on the perfect comfort and fit of a Warner's Le Gant.



Sta-Up-Top Girdle A430, in peach satin and satin elastic, sizes 24-29, in two lengths. Alphabet Bra A2299, in peach satin and lace; A cup, 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38.

1 Your choice of length

It's only fitting that *your* girdle should be *your* length. A *too-long* girdle keeps you pulling and yanking. A *too-short* girdle does its own pulling—at precious nylons. In a Warner's Le Gant you can pick the length that's designed especially for you. The Sta-Up-Top Le Gant shown here features that famous waist-smoothie that can't roll over, can't ride up.



2 PLUS your choice of hip size

Here's a hip-tip: a *too-wide* girdle makes wash-board wrinkles at the sides; a *too-small* girdle binds your thighs into unlovely bulges. There's a Warner's Le Gant—that's just right for you because Warner's are hip-sized to fit you perfectly.

3 PLUS your choice of control

Whether you need firm moulding or gentle hugging, Warner's Le Gant girdles come in just the *control* you want. From the light, airy mesh elastics if you want a little . . . to the strong, woven elastics if you need a lot. Warner's Le Gant lovely matching bras come in 3-Way-Sizes, too . . . your *cup* size, your choice of *band* and the *uplift* you want. At finer stores everywhere.



WARNER'S
Le Gant
3-Way-Sized Foundations and Bras

U.S. MANNEQUINS FOR PARADES

Will show models by Californian designers

Fashions designed by top-flight Californian dress designers will be featured in the California Fashion Fiesta to be presented by the Myer Emporium Ltd. in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly.

The parades will take place in July at Myer's in Melbourne and Adelaide and at Mark Foy's Ltd. in Sydney.

FOUR beautiful Californian models, specially selected by Miss Sheila Scotter, of the Myer Emporium, on her recent visit to the U.S.A., will show the Californian clothes.

The four models—three blondes and one brunette—are: Gini Adams, 25; Honey King, 23; Anne Ruben, 23; and Marilyn Melton, 22.

Honey King is the brunette and the three blondes are of different types. Gini is ash-blond; Anne is an outdoor girl; and Marilyn a typical American campus beauty.

They have almost uniform measurements: Bust, 34 inches; waist, 24; hips, 34.

The foursome will probably be joined by a fifth girl, Gerry Cameron, a Howard Greer model, whom Greer insists is the most beautiful model in the world.

The three single girls say their boy-friends are not worried about competition from Australian men.

Anne Ruben said her Stanford University (California) boy-friend was "a little irked" that she is going to Australia. "But he's not

worried about the competition," she added.

Honey King agreed. "Our boy-friends are pretty confident—like all American men."

Gini Adams, only wife in the quartet, took a different view. "I heard that the last girls who went to Australia from New York didn't want to leave. Seems the Aussie men have a style all their own."

Her husband, Jack Q. Adams, test pilot for North American Aviation, she said, "told me to go right ahead. He's not worried about the men 'down under'."

"In any case," she added, "I'm supposed to be the chaperon."

Enthusiasm about the fashion parades is so keen in Hollywood that Robert Cobb, owner of Hollywood's famous Brown Derby Restaurant, contributed a special recipe book compiled by his chef to ensure that an authentic Californian meal will be served at the Gala Dinner Parade openings in all States. Before leaving California,

Miss Scotter was also coached in making Roquefort cheese dressing by the chef at Count Michael Romanoff's restaurant.

Miss Scotter was with Spectator Sportswear, London, before joining the Myer Emporium two years ago. In the light of her London, Paris, and New York high fashion experience, she said that the All-California Parades would break entirely new ground.

Miss Scotter pointed out that even in the United States Californian clothes were quite individual.

"They have a characteristically sun-drenched charm and gaiety of mood which Australians will love."

Miss Scotter said that with her "fairy godmother," Jane Taylor, head of the Jane Taylor Buying Agency, a noted Los Angeles firm, she had a fortnight's "fashion spree" in California.

She found the Californian fashion houses "a revelation" in fabulous presentation of fashion.

Although indoors, most salons have decors suggesting the open air.

They are brilliantly lit, ornamented with plants growing round patios, swimming pools, synthetic beaches, and sun porches.

Miss Scotter said the generosity of top-line Californian designers in providing the collection, from swimsuits to party clothes, from hats to exciting accessories, was prompted by their keenness for closer ties between Australia and California.

Howard Greer, for instance, is

specially creating two original models for cocktail wear and cataloguing them with Australian names.

"As he is as noted for the startling names he gives his creations as he is for his daring clothes, his titles will stimulate wide interest in the two frocks specially designed for the All-California Parades," added Miss Scotter.

SHEILA SCOTTER, of the Myer Emporium, who selected models and clothes for the All-California Fashion Parades.



GINI ADAMS (above) is a model for Irene, the M.G.M. film-fashion designer. Ash-blond, aged 25, and 5ft. 8in. tall, Gini is an expert swimmer who used to swim for the Los Angeles Athletic Club. She is married to a North American Aviation test pilot.



MARILYN MELTON (above), a Pat Remo model and cover-girl. Aged 22, she is the "baby" of the team to visit Australia. **HONEY KING** (right), the only brunette among the girls, is 23 and a Cole of California model.



ANNE RUBEN (left), a University graduate, is noted for her warm, friendly smile. She is a Julie Lynn Charlot model, 5ft. 6½in. tall.





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flattering Tropical Tan, and a trained Selby expert will
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Gruelling search for Lasseter's lost gold reef



"TRACK EAST, STARVING," the message Lasseter left in a cave in the Central Australian desert, is inspected by Neville Harding, who initiated the expedition. The letters, which are faint, have been retouched.

Desert keeps secret of famous treasure

By SCOTT POLKINGHORNE

After a trip into the Central Australian desert as a member of an expedition searching for Lasseter's lost reef, I have decided that if there's gold in them thar hills, it can stay there.

Let the aborigines, flies, and ants keep it.

OUR 18-day trip this summer followed in the path of L. H. B. Lasseter, prospector and adventurer, who perished in the desert in 1930 trying to find again the gold reef he had discovered 30 years before.

One of our party was Jim Prince, a 70-year-old prospector, who says he found a gold reef five years ago.

Other members of our party included a navigator, a guide, a geologist, and a geophysicist.

Photography was a difficult business at all times on the trip. Sometimes it became impossible.

I wrapped the steel trunk in which I was storing the film in wet cloth, draped wet branches above it, and hoped for the best.

Aerial survey maps were consistently unreliable.

Even Ayers Rock, which is now comparatively civilised, was marked 19 miles out of position.

The farther west we travelled the worse the heat and the flies and the ants became.

The distance we covered each day varied greatly. We travelled 200 miles in one day on the graded road from Henbury station to Ayers Rock, but out in the desert our speedometer registered only 24 miles in one day.

It is a mistake to imagine that any place called a river on a map will look like a river, or even have water.

In most cases the only evidence of a river is a strip of sand, differently colored from

the prevailing red soil, to show where the bed should be.

Soaks are unreliable, too. As it was the middle of summer, sometimes they yielded only a few inches of water, sometimes none.

I was the only member of our party who climbed to the top of the 1000ft. high Ayers Rock to add my name to those on slips of paper in a bottle on the summit.

I made the trip, wearing sandshoes I had taken specially, in the middle of the afternoon with a temperature of 120 degrees in the sun.

The angle of incline is 45 degrees.

I climbed slowly, and when I reached the top I was extremely thirsty.

I wet my mouth with water that I found in a rock-pool and filtered it through my hat.

When I came to descend, every ridge looked the same, and I had trouble finding my right path.

I don't know the right name

for them. The names we called them weren't polite.

These ants bite. Although they are small, I am sure they could eat you, if you had an open cut on your body to give them entrance.

I had a small jag on my back from a stick, and they swarmed around it when I dozed off.

As we travelled west, Prince became more and more sure he didn't recognise the country.

Tew, our navigator, who is an American, declared: "Gentlemen, I know exactly where we're lost."

The next day we followed some aboriginal tracks, and found a crystal-clear spring.

It was the most pleasant thing I have ever seen. We swam for a quarter of an hour and I drank about half a gallon.



MAP shows route which the 1951 expedition took in its unsuccessful search for the lost gold reef discovered by L. H. B. Lasseter at the turn of the century.

One slip would have meant death.

I wouldn't do that climb again for £1000.

It left me with blisters, one of them 4½ inches long, on both feet.

We left one truck at Ayers Rock, and continued on with two trucks—a utility and a landrover.

The cabins of the trucks held only two people, so most of us were in the open.

I soon learned to keep my mouth shut and not think about being thirsty, as I discovered that the more water you drink the more you want.

We camped one night near Lasseter's cave.

Outside the cave we dug up some old tins and films that might have belonged to him.

As soon as we touched the films they crumbled to dust.

All along the route from Ayers Rock we sent up smoke signals every few miles to attract the attention of the Pitjinjarra tribe, which lives in the south.

These natives, seeing the signals, would know they were not made by other tribes, for the country is sacred to the Pitjinjarras.

Soon they would know by the distance between signals that the travellers weren't on foot, and would conclude they were white men.

I had always looked on smoke signals as a bit of a joke, but sure enough the day we reached the Docker River, two Pitjinjarra blacks wandered in.

They lent us a guide for the trip west.

On Monday, 22nd, a week after our journey had begun, our truck broke down.

We made camp on the spot, and then discovered it was ant country.

The ants are tiny and black and they come in millions.

I don't know the right name

for them. The names we called them weren't polite.

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So use Cashmere Bouquet in your daily bath, and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... and flower-fresh. The romantic fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love."



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

CASHMERE BOUQUET COSMETICS INCLUDE FACE POWDER, LIPSTICK, ROUGE, MAKE-UP, TALCUM, BEAUTY CREAMS

NS2

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If babies could really talk, they would demand ACTIL Terry Nursery Squares, simply because:

ACTIL are extra soft for tender skins.

ACTIL are super absorbent.

ACTIL are hygienically packed in 'Cellophane'.



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Also makers of SHEETS - PILLOW CASES and "FASCO" ALL PURPOSE FABRIC

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

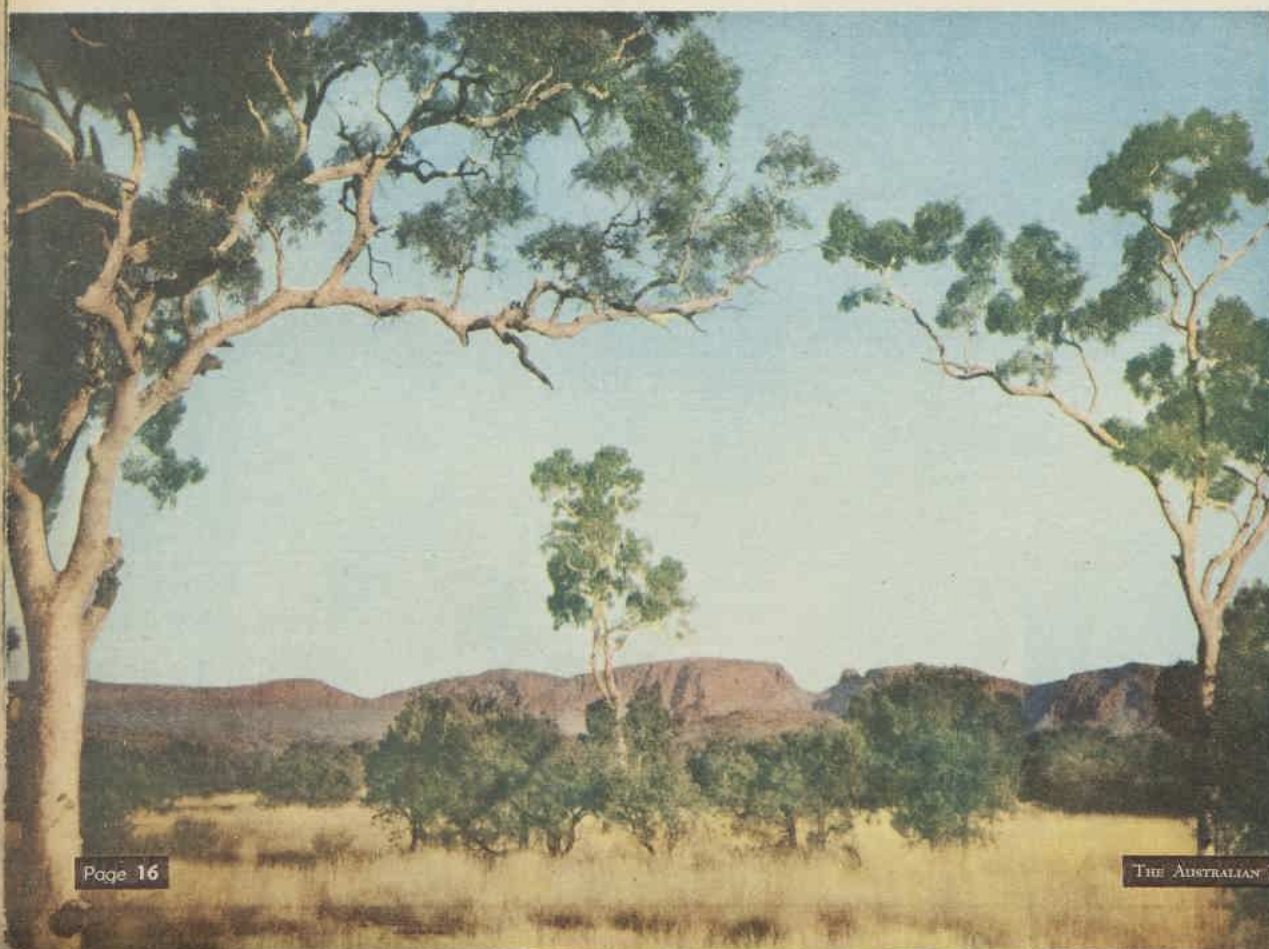
AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED



ROBERT COXON, Director of Mines, Northern Territory, examines Lasseter's cave. Pictures on this page and the cover shot, which shows desert country in the Finke River district, were taken by Scott Polkinghorne.

Color pictures, pages 16, 17

Dead heart glows with rich color



AYERS ROCK rises like a giant, medieval fortress out of a barren stretch of Central Australian desert. Tyre marks were made by one of the trucks of the recent expedition in search of Lasseter's reef.

FRAMED in gum trees, the Ruined Ramparts (left) are the most easily identified hills in the Petermann Ranges, 25 miles east of the Western Australian border. Below: Photographer Scott Polkinghorne, who took these pictures. See story page 15.





CLEARED AREA, overlooked by the Ruined Ramparts, is covered sparsely with grass instead of the usual spinifex. A Tiger Moth can land and take off there.



PITJIJARRA TRIBE aborigines met the expedition at the Docker River. The aborigines were attracted by the smoke signals, below, lit by the expedition.

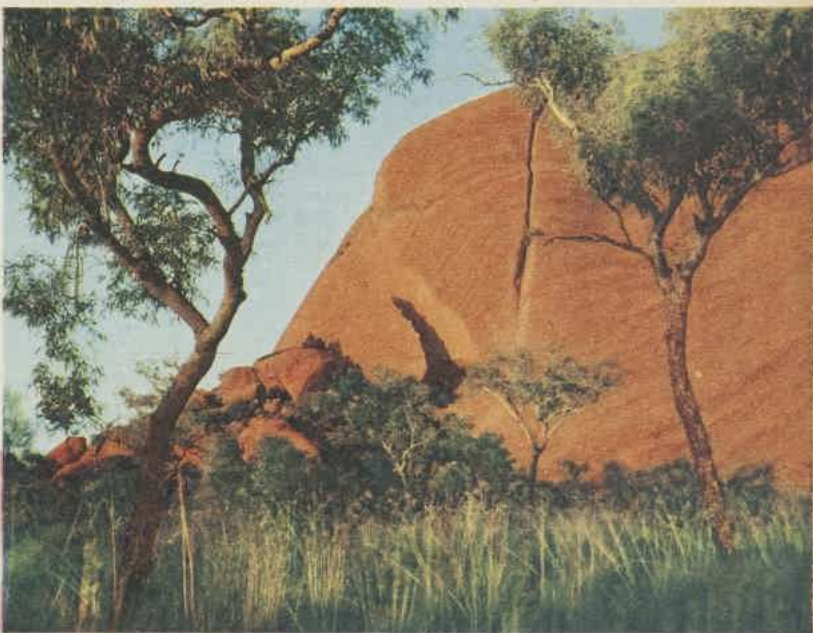
To a photographer, Central Australia is a Promised Land. In the ever-changing color pattern, the strong reds and yellows of daytime melt into the soft blues and purples of dusk.

Sydney photographer Scott Polkinghorne, who went with a recent expedition in search of Lasseter's lost gold reef, discovered that the beauty of the desert compensated for its discomfort.

He saw and photographed an Australia few Australians have seen. It is called the Dead Heart, but to those who have been there it is living country, strange and wonderful.

Man is slowly claiming the desert. Even a few years ago Alice Springs was the end of the road; now there are cattle-stations almost to Ayers Rock, which has become a tourist resort.

As the white man encroaches, the aboriginal retreats. No one knows how many natives live in this area as most of them still live a tribal life, except for occasional contact with a mission.



CORNER of Ayers Rock glowing under the early morning sun. Its color changes throughout the day, and according to the distance from which it is seen (above). Driver of one of the trucks, Billy Gough, and aboriginal Jacky get water from a soak on the Docker River (below).



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 5, 1951



(ADVERTISEMENT)

**"A man who is unselfish enough
to train voluntarily to serve his country
should be a good life's partner"**

says Miss McClymont, a 22-year-old clerk-typist in a big city warehouse. Miss McClymont is engaged to Sgt. R. A. Hinwood, of the 9th Battalion, C.M.F. She is justly proud of his action—joining the C.M.F.

"Bob (my fiancé) has sacrificed most of his holidays during the past three years to do his military training. This training teaches youth how to mix socially, develops him to manhood, and helps build a good moral character.

"No one wants war, but if the real thing does come, it would be good to know that you had done your best to prepare the person dearest to you for it.

"The lack of enthusiasm by so many young men about training, and the lack of co-operation by some employers at a time like this is really disgusting."

Note—Employers who do not encourage C.M.F. enlistment are definitely in the minority. Most employers grant leave with pay for the period of a C.M.F. training camp, in addition to annual holidays, and where necessary make up their employees' pay.



Miss Margaret McClymont, Leigh Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane.

"I am proud of my boys... all of them"



Mrs. C. W. Fraser, 3 The Avenue, Windsor, N.S.W.

"I am proud of my boys," says Mrs. Fraser. Their father has set them a good example and they are enthusiastic about their training. They realise that in any unit to-day there is much to be learnt and there is little time to prepare. . . . All of them, Sergeant Peter, Lance-corporal John, Private Bob, and Cadet Bernard (who is just 16) look

forward to their 14-day camp. They say it is better than a holiday and they get paid for it. . . . I feel that their training keeps them fit, makes them more self-reliant. . . . It is part of their education. . . . Women should encourage their menfolk to give at least part of their time to training for defence. . . . It is no sacrifice compared with the sacrifice that would occur if war came and untrained men had to fight for us. . . . There may be women in Australia who have more sons in the C.M.F. than I have. If so I should like to meet them or at least hear from them. We would share a common pride in our families. They have shown that they have Australia's welfare at heart."

W.A. Cabinet-maker becomes C.M.F. Corporal



Mr. A. L. Heyhoe, 34 Malvern Street, Scarborough, W.A.

"Mr. A. L. Heyhoe is my husband," says a West Australian wife living at 34 Malvern Street, Scarborough. "In the daytime he is a cabinet-maker, but in the evenings he becomes Corporal Heyhoe of the C.M.F., an example to set to the younger generation, a credit to Australia and the pride of his wife. "My husband joined the C.M.F. in 1948 after war service in the Islands with the Commandos, because he felt that he wanted to recapture the comradeship of his war service days; a comradeship that is, to a certain extent, lacking in civilian life. . . . He

also feels that in this way he is doing something, however small, for the good of this great country of Australia.

"When he suggested joining the C.M.F., I encouraged him . . . because, in my opinion, a man who wants to help his country voluntarily is worth more in all ways than a man who is pressed into service.

"We wives have a great responsibility to our men . . . but they themselves do owe us the right to a sense of security which they can only achieve in service with the C.M.F. I know that all wives will agree with me."

Mr. and Mrs. Heyhoe have a son, John, who they both hope will one day go to Dunroon. Good luck to you, John, and may you achieve your ambition.

SECURITY IS EVERY WOMAN'S RIGHT

Mrs. Heyhoe's plan that men ought to endow the women who keep their homes and bring up their children with a sense of security rings true also for the man whose girl-friend or fiancé gives him the privilege of her companionship, trust and affection. She, too, has a right to be protected in the dangerous world in which we live. Every woman who has read this page owes it to herself and to Australia to encourage her son, husband, fiancé or boy-friend to enlist in the Citizen Military Forces. The type of man who would enlist the moment a major war broke out is the man whom Australia wants now; in a national emergency he will then be a trained soldier, not a raw recruit. Use your personal influence to support enlistment in the C.M.F. You can be proud of a man who is ready to defend you.

Issued by the Commonwealth Director General of Recruiting.

WM12, 142, 11

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSIE BAKER

Two Australians now living abroad have had thrillers published almost simultaneously. They are former Sydney journalist Elisabeth Lambert and Alec Coppel, of Melbourne.

IN "The Sleeping House Party" Miss Lambert has written one of those free-wheeling murder mysteries that place more accent on sophistication than detection.

Few will disagree that Miss Lambert is a lively and talented writer. Fewer still, after reading her book, will continue to subscribe to the birds and bees theory.

The cast of characters she has assembled for the murder at Emu Beach (on the coast somewhere north of Sydney) are as vicious and nasty a group of smart-set intellectuals as you could find anywhere.

They are there because Laura Weedon, their leader and an astute business woman, bought the land to develop it as a fashionable week-end colony.

On Christmas Eve, her husband, dressed as Santa Claus, is found hanging in the chimney of a beach house owned by two male interior-decorators.

Suspicion falls in turn on the corpse's hosts, a female painter, an entrepreneur, the colony's divorcee, and a writer.

During the police investigations that continue from Christmas until New Year's Eve, the carefully contrived masks of the suspects crumple away until they are seen in all their moral and spiritual poverty.

The story is told by Laura's secretary, Jean O'Flynn McKenzie, a girl who mixes champagne cocktails, Freud, sandwich-cutting, and Shakespeare with some pretty advanced psychology while falling in love with the investigating sergeant.

Miss Lambert is a mannered author, who on this occasion owes a trifling debt of gratitude to Mignon Eberhart and Leslie Ford, the successful manufacturers of American who-dun-it with perky heroines.

But even those whom her literary mannerisms most irritate must recognise her tremendous verve, originality of thought and expression, and intellectual resourcefulness.

The book has been favorably reviewed abroad, the august London "Sunday Observer" calling it "a promising first try."

I would go further, and say that the author, having here established herself to her own satisfaction as a sophisticate, will in her next book—and those following—write something very much better.

For it is apparent that Elisabeth Lambert, the author of three published books of verse, has enough to say to keep her writing for years.

"The Sleeping House Party" is published by Michael Joseph, London. Our copy from Craftman Bookshop.

THE SLEEPING HOUSE PARTY
By Elisabeth Lambert
MR. DENNING DRIVES NORTH
By Alec Coppel

IF "The Sleeping House Party" could only have been written by a woman (as indeed it could), Alec Coppel's "Mr. Denning Drives North" could have been written by almost anybody at all.

Where Miss Lambert offers an embarrassment of riches, Mr. Coppel (author of the plays "I Killed the Count" and "Mr. Smart Guy") errs in the opposite direction, and offers nothing but the bare bones of plot.

George Denning, a famous British aircraft designer, secretly begins to drink in his locked office, and awakes panic-stricken and sweating from a recurrent nightmare.

A public idol at 45, in his nightmares Denning imagines himself in the dock at the Old Bailey about to hear the death sentence pronounced.

In his waking hours he lives for nothing but the next editions of the newspapers and



ELISABETH LAMBERT

the next news broadcast. In his all-absorbing state of anxiety he hardly realises the consequence of neglecting his work, and, without trying to stop it, sees his marriage breaking up before his eyes.

Finally the strain of waiting to be exposed as a murderer becomes too much, and he decides to commit suicide by staging a fake accident while testing a new plane.

Pride in his company's name and his own ability as a designer stop him at the last minute. But his wife recognised the wild stunting for what it was—a prelude to suicide.

She persuades him to confide in her, and together they set about finding the vanished corpse that must be discovered if Denning's health and sanity is to be saved.

Before matters are brought to a satisfactory conclusion there is a long and involved sequence with gypsies, Denning is almost exposed by his daughter's fiancé, and Mr. Coppel proves himself ingenious, but lightly equipped for authorship.

"Mr. Denning Drives North" is published by Harrop and Co., London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Editorial

Vol. 18, No. 48. May 5, 1951

**Australians
Look Back**

NINE years ago Australia was in deadly peril of a Japanese invasion. Then in May, 1942, came the battle of the Coral Sea, a victory which will be celebrated by Australians and Americans in this country this week.

When that battle was fought General MacArthur was in Australia, laying the foundation for the tremendous campaign that took Australian and American forces through a long series of island hops to Japan.

Anniversary celebrations and recent events resulting in MacArthur's return to America make this an appropriate time to take stock of all Australia owes the General.

But for the brilliance of Douglas MacArthur as a commander the war in the Pacific might have taken a very different course.

The measure of security Australia enjoys to-day owes a lot to American co-operation at that critical period.

Suggestions are being made that Australia should erect statues of MacArthur as tokens of gratitude.

Even if this is done, Australians would prefer to welcome General MacArthur in person, and express their regard for him.

One of the most touching moments of his impressive military farewell at Tokio was when he saw the Digger hats in his guard of honor.

He said, "I am specially delighted to see the Australians."

And all Australia would be "specially delighted" to see General MacArthur and his wife and son on what could only be a triumphal return to the country that owes him so much.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 408WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 401G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

Jantzen brings the tailored look out into the open

This year Jantzen tapers your trouser legs, clips your waist with a slim belt, nips in your shirt cuffs. Sometimes your collar has a sharp, mannish air, others it folds back in a long graceful plunge. And wait until you see the fresh, crisp fabrics and vigorous colours, the interesting fashion details.



The Shirt 'n skirt

Shirt of MOYGASHEL crease resisting rayon. A blouse-type shirt with rounded collar, short cuffed sleeves, two tucks in the front. 7 colours.

Skirt in plain or houndstooth worsted. Inverted pleat in front and unusual pocket treatment are full of interest.

The Shirt 'n slacks

Shirt in SHANTUNG crease resisting rayon. Inverted pleat in back for freedom of action, long sleeves, cuffs

held by jigger buttons. 7 colours.

Slacks in plain or houndstooth worsted. Plain straight front, tapering legs, self belt, slide fastener. Eight colours.

The Shirt 'n midways

Shirt in SHANTUNG crease resisting rayon, short cuffed sleeves, plain back, front softly gathered to yoke, matching buttons—7 colours.

Midways in plain and houndstooth worsted, cuffed below knee. Plain front, slide fastener, neat self belt.

JANTZEN — FINELY TAILORED FOR PERFECT FIT

If most make-ups
are **too heavy**
for your skin ...



Choose this beautifully sheer
greaseless powder base

This delicate, greaseless foundation cream gives your skin a naturally lovely look—smooth as cream-velvet! Before powder, smooth on a light, protective veil of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The satiny Cream disappears, leaving only a silky, transparent film. Over this flatteringly sheer foundation, your make-up always looks enchantingly mat-smooth.

1-Minute Mask... quick at-home 'facial'



Cover your face lavishly, except eyes, with a snowy-cool 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Leave Mask on for 1 minute—then tissue off. Make-up goes on flawlessly over your newly smoothed and re-styled complexion!



MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE says: "With Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation, I never feel I'm wearing make-up... yet it holds powder so beautifully that I seldom need to retouch during the day. This cool, greaseless base of Pond's is perfect for my complexion."



For home harmony ...

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MANUFACTURED BY TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND
Obtainable from all leading Stores and Furnishers

HAZEL



"Not that one—tell 'em about the salesman who ..."

BUTCH



"Busy, Butch?"

It seems to me

WHEN people talk of freedom of thought to-day they usually mean freedom of political thought. So great have become the opposing pressures on political viewpoints that other freedoms are seldom mentioned.

Yet a private member's bill passed recently by the House of Commons was important, not because it affected a large number of people, but because it conceded rights to a minority.

It was the Bill which allows spiritualists to practise their beliefs without fear of being prosecuted. Formerly they were liable to prosecution under two old Acts, one, the Witchcraft Act of 1735, the other the Vagrancy Act of 1824.

People are as entitled to believe in spiritualism as in any other form of religion.

It is, of course, a belief which lends itself to fraudulent exploitation, but the new legislation still provides punishment for bogus mediums. In practice, it is probably difficult to sort out the bogus from the genuine, but the possibility that a very few credulous people may be exploited is not as important as that a larger number may have the right to believe what they choose.

If the laws of a country were so framed as to protect everybody from every possible harm, there would be no freedom left at all.

ANOTHER aspect of freedom—on the other side of the scale: The U.S. State Department has refused a visa to the French actor Maurice Chevalier "because his admission would be against the best interests of the country."

One American newspaper says that it is because Chevalier signed the Communist-inspired Stockholm Peace Petition, and was alleged to be affiliated with Communist front organisations.

It is not long since Chevalier was cleared of the charge of being a collaborator with the Nazis.

In spite of the muddled and frightened suspicions that abound to-day, it is extremely unlikely that the ageing charmer has been both Fascist and Communist in so brief a time.

A democracy run on proper lines of tolerance ought to be able to afford the risk of letting a few doubtful political characters enter its confines, especially when their primary business is far from political. And Mr. Chevalier, with that celebrated quizzical lower lip, has for many a long year taken his audiences' minds quite a distance from politics.

FOREIGN Ministers' deputies in Paris, trying to agree on an agenda for a Big Four Foreign Ministers' meeting, spoke 1,181,000 words in six weeks.

Nearly three times as long as "Gone With the Wind," and not half as interesting.

By



Dorothy Drain

HISTORICALLY, current events in the British Labor Party may be labelled the false teeth and spectacles crisis, for, though the issues that led to the resignations of Aneurin Bevan and Harold Wilson are wider, they crystallised in the Budget decision to make the public pay half the cost of teeth and glasses.

This abandonment of the principle of the British health scheme was, to the Labor Party left-wingers, an admission of failure. And indeed, it is disappointing to all those who believe that it should be possible to finance a workable free medical scheme from social service taxes.

Opponents of free medical schemes say that too much unnecessary advice, too many unnecessary medical aids, are sought when there is no deterring cost.

The excess of the real costs in Britain over the original estimates seems to prove that. Yet it is extremely hard to believe that people without a real need for glasses or dentures would seek either.

The real obstacle to ideal schemes anywhere to-day is the fear of war, and the making of armaments.

In Britain it has become not only guns before butter, but guns before glasses.

STOCKING manufacturers sent a gift of nylon stockings to the Louvre Art Gallery in Paris, saying that as the finest work of Lille craftsmen they merited a place in the Louvre.

Leg art in the Louvre is a nice alliterative thought, anyhow.

AN advertisement calling for applications for the position of radio officer at Willis Island states the salary as "35/- per day (seven days a week)."

It seems a quaint way to state a salary instead of giving the figure as £12/5/- a week.

Perhaps, in view of the isolation of the little piece of sand that is Willis Island, the daily figure may be thought more encouraging.

The radio operator may be envisaged as coming out of his quarters to stare at sunset over the Coral Sea, as night follows each lonely and inexpensive day, far from shops or hotels, and saying, "Well, that's another 35/- in the kitty."

Some crave for diamonds and some a
sable coat,
Some want fame and a career,
Some want a bank account over which
to gloat,
And some are satisfied with bottled beer.
Some want to travel to places far away,
Some are happy with the joys of home
and hearth,
But the little thing I covet, though I
hardly like to say,
Is a telephone to talk on in the bath.



Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hill

A Column Written from
the Wendel Special

W to XXXXXX

Fashion Salon

A SPECIAL invitation to Melbourne women to visit my new, extensive salon, where you will have a wonderful collection of topcoats, suits, dresses, and maternity fashions. Located at The Centroway, 259 Collins Street, Melbourne (late O'Connell's cabana Restaurant).

JUST arrived! Beautifully styled dresses by Leroy. Tailored in soft English style with long sleeves. Duck blue, aqua, smoky-blue, purple, and white. Sizes from WX to XXXXX. Price 17/18/6. Sorry, no mail orders.

MY Sydney and Melbourne showrooms are abundant with suits, coats, and dresses by Leroy. They're in fact including gaberdine, mouselines, angora, or fur. Sizes from WX to XXXXX. Also lots of woolen topcoats and skirts (WX to XXXXX). Skirts priced from 39/11.

CHOOSE your raincoat from the largest collection in Sydney! I have them in gaberdine (proofed for water repellency) in fitted, box, or 4-way styles. Only 11/11 and 12/12/11. WX, SOS, XOS, XXOS. Fawn, blue, green, or brown. Also a rubber-raincoat in fawn, green, blue, or gold, for 13/11 WX to XXXOS.

I HAVE just received the most exciting collection of taffeta ballerina dresses! Wonderful colours of blue, green or gold. WX, SOS, XOS. Only 18/5/11, 18/10/11, 18/10/11. Also full-length evening gowns in crepe or taffeta. No Mail Orders!

JUST opened! A wonderful range of toppers specially styled for the BIG woman. They're in all pure wool (wool or unfilled). All sizes and colours. And priced so low! No Mail Orders!

J. Wendel Hill

1st Floor, 147a King St., Sydney, M.A.5794.
T. & G. Bldg., 303a Elizabeth St., Sydney, M.A.5503.
The Centroway, 259 Collins St., Melbourne, Central 1888.

£150-a-week skating star has homely holiday

Pat Gregory is thrilled to be back with old ice-rink pals

By KAY MELAUN, staff reporter

Australian skating star Pat Gregory and her manager-husband, Hal Downey, think that the English countryside is wonderful and the English people the best of the earth, but that there is no place like home.

They have returned from a spectacular success in London on a three months' holiday-moon visit to their parents.

PAT looks nothing like the feted star of the Wembley Stadium ice arena earning £150 sterling a week at the age of 21.

You would never take Hal Downey, a professional ballroom dancer, for a hustling manager.

Trim, slim, blue-eyed, and with a splash of freckles across her nose, Pat looks like a girl next door. She and Hal make an attractive and usually Australian young couple.

They have an aura of trustworthiness, brand-new marriage but not calculated to set romantic old ladies dreaming nostalgically of their own long-ago springtime.

They have brought back the sort of Australian accent they took when they went to the class to England 24 months ago to break into the big time.

The friends who are turning Pat's mother's home at Mile Point, N.S.W., into a skating rink are old ones—neighbors and skating pals from the Sydney Ice Palais and the Glaciarium.

"We're staying with Mum, and she says she can't get any-



HULA DANCE was the number Pat gave for her audition for featured roles in early ice shows when she first went to England. It was a favorite with fans.

thing done while we're around," said Pat. "She thanked Heaven this morning that we were going out early instead of sitting talking over cups of tea."

Pat and Hal told me they



"PAT GREGORY and her husband, Hal Downey," is the introduction Hal prefers to "Mr. and Mrs. Hal Downey." Pat, a bride of six months, says when she's through with her skating career she and Hal will "settle in Australia and open a business."

had wanted to wait until they got back to Australia to have a real family wedding. But last November, when it looked as though they would be going to America, they had a quiet wedding in London.

Hal decided to bring Pat home for a holiday, after she had four successive colds in the last London winter.

"She was supposed to go back to 'Rose Marie On Ice' as Wanda in July, and could have filled the gap with an engagement in Canada, America, or the Continent," said Hal, "but I thought she looked peaked."

Pat broke in: "So he walked in one day and said, 'Would you like to go home for a holiday?' I nearly died with happiness."

Hal went on: "I told them we weren't interested in the 'Rose Marie' engagement, but would be back for the pantomimes."

The pantomimes are on a huge scale. "Dick Whittington," for instance, in which Pat played, had 100 in the chorus. In the finale, Dick Whittington drove around the stage in Lord Lonsdale's old coach with four horses. A 15th-century 50-foot ship "sailed" across the ice. A replica of London's Guildhall

was 10 feet higher than the original building.

"I can't yet believe I'm star of a show like that," said Pat. "But I'm happy about it for many reasons."

"It was the first time in England that anyone had come up from third or fourth billing to be star in an ice show. And before I had my success the English ice-show people thought that only Americans could be stars."

"Mind you, being a star means you've got to work even harder to stay at the top. Ice shows are rather like trying for a skating championship every night—they take terrific physical energy."

Hal, whom Pat describes as "a bit of a slave driver," learned to skate well enough to get into the chorus.

"He was darned good, too," she added. "They need tall and handsome men"—she bent forward with a mischievous, mocking smile and stroked his cheek—"who look well on the ice and can do routine and precision work."

Pat said that Hal's faith in her was a deciding factor in her success.

"I used to get down-hearted, but he was always confident," she said. "All the time, through Ice Parades and Ice Cascades, when we first went to England he kept saying: 'This is only the beginning.'"

One of Pat's greatest thrills in England was learning that her skating friends at the Glaciarium in Sydney stopped their hockey game and cheered when they heard she had made the top.

Amongst Pat's backstage visitors have been the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan.

Her pin-up visitor was Prince Michael, the Duchess of Kent's schoolboy son.

"He wanted to know all about the ice and how the ship went around," she said.

"He told me he skated himself a bit at his uncle's place at Sandringham."

Of all the people Hal met in England he liked best the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Alderman E. C. O'Dea, whom they met when he was visiting London.

Pat might do some skating while she is here. At present she is just resting and practising, and seeing Hal's mother, who lives at Oatley, N.S.W.



Those tiny Lux diamonds give such fast, gentle suds... make stockings last twice as long

Here's an easy way to cut your stocking bills in half! Every pair you buy will last as long as two pairs if you Lux them every time you take them off. Strong soaps and bar-soap rubbing are the cause of early ladders. Gentle Lux care keeps your stockings safe; tests prove that every pair lasts twice as long.

DON'T RISK HARSH SOAPS!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.



U.357.WW122g



A SNEEZE

ran round the little school, A cough, and then three more; The Master climbed down off his stool, And in a glass did pour Some wondrous drops of magic balm To make each child secure From cough and cold that wintry day, With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Scarf designed for Royal Tour

CAPTAIN V. R. ULLMAN, M.C., director of an overseas trading company, has designed a square scarf which he hopes will be popular during the Royal tour in 1952.

Captain Ullman has come to Australia to sell copies of the scarf to Australian retailers.

The scarf has a soft sky-blue background. Around the wide border are drawings of Australian birds, animals, and flowers.

An inner etching shows famous Australian landmarks, including the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

The centerpiece consists of drawings of Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, and the Australian Federal Parliament.



SILK SQUARE SCARF designed to commemorate the Royal Tour of the Commonwealth next year is printed with Australian bush and city motifs and drawings of Royal palaces.

She's in Paris

...YOU CAN BE TOO!

Paris is the breathtaking new 15 Denier Nylon by Holeproof. So sheer, they're practically a whisper... so slimming they fit like a dream.

To those lively, lovely girls who have watched and waited for the day when 15 Denier Nylons, in the breathtaking overseas manner, will be offered in Australia, Paris is dedicated. They will be scarce, but your favourite hosiery departments should have some for you.



Paris LOVELY LOVELY LOVELY IS DENIER NYLONS

by **HOLEPROOF**



P.S. Each pair of PARIS is boxed individually for you in a gay Parisienne souvenir package.

Australian clothes appeal to Evelyn Laye

West End star and husband to restock wardrobes here

By our Perth correspondent

West End star Evelyn Laye, who has come to Australia with her husband, Frank Lawton, to appear in the play "September Tide," is restocking her wardrobe here.

"I didn't bring a great amount of clothes with me," she said. "There are such lovely things to be bought in your shops."

FRANK and I have been longing to get some new clothes and see your shops laden with fruit and other food," she said.

"It will be wonderful to have meat every day instead of saving a whole week's ration for one glorious gorge on Sundays."

On the overcast day I met Evelyn she was wearing a beautifully cut grey suit with a matching veiled hat to offset her moonbeam-colored hair.

"Lucky I didn't dress for your alleged Australian sunshine," she said as she looked at the wintry sky.

"I have always made it a rule to have good things in my stage wardrobe."

"I learned that from Flo Ziegfeld, who would never let his show girls have calico or cotton clothes. They were always dressed in silk."

Evelyn appeared at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York in 1929 as the heroine of Noel Coward's richly dressed operetta "Bitter Sweet."

"Nosy people"

FLO maintained that if an actress felt well dressed she was poised on the stage and that no one could feel right in calico," Evelyn added.

"I remembered that and have always found it good advice. So I have passed it on to countless young girls who are starting their stage careers."

"I have brought most of my stage jewellery," she added. "It is all beautiful French piece, almost unobtainable now or only obtainable at exorbitant prices."

"Frank and I are very nosy people. We want to see as much of Australia as we can and enjoy it in the way that you people do."

"This is the first time we have been to Australia — in fact, the first time we have crossed the equator."

"And what a crossing! They threw Frank into the swimming-pool and ducked him three times. The third time they held him down so long I felt sure I would have to get the insurance papers out."

Frank looked none the worse for his ducking. "It was such a hot day that I was going for a swim, anyway," he said.

Frank and Evelyn are probably one of the most devoted

couples on the English stage. They were married 16 years ago, but didn't act together until after the war.

"I was playing opposite Esmond Knight in a musical called 'Music and Waltzes,'" said Evelyn. "Esmond was almost totally blind and had to leave the play to have an operation on his eyes, so I said to Frank, 'Time you went back to work, my boy,' and roped him in to play the part."

"Since then we have played mostly in straight plays together, although I still do some musicals."

"In 'September Tide,' which opens at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne, on May 12, I play the part of Frank's mother-in-law."

"It is rather an odd situation being married to your son-in-law."

There are only six people in the play. The other four have been chosen in Australia.

"I only hope Evelyn's understudy is more domesticated than the girl in London," said Frank.

"In the play we are supposed to be ravenously hungry when we sit down to a chive omelette cooked by the understudy."

"The quality of the omelette varied from night to night, and sometimes we could hardly bear to eat it."

"I don't like onions, so we always had it without chives, but the night before we went into recess for three weeks the understudy thought she would trick us."

Three Australians in cast of play

THREE of the four members of the supporting cast in "September Tide" are Australians. The exception, Robert Gardiner, came to Australia from England several years ago and after a brief visit home has returned with the intention of staying here.

He is married to Barbara Brandon, who is stage manager of "Worm's Eye View," which is now playing in Sydney after a long Melbourne season.

The part of Evelyn Laye's daughter will be played by Joan Lord, who was Sue in many episodes of the A.B.C. serial "The Lawsons."

Miss Lord went to England three years ago. She played in repertory there and in several West End productions, including "Little Lambs Eat Ivy."

Film and stage actress Letty Craydon will play a cockney maid servant in "September Tide."

The part of Jimmy, a young naval "snotty," who falls in love with Evelyn Laye while married to Joan Lord, will be played by Robert Ashton.



BRITISH ACTRESS Evelyn Laye and her husband, Frank Lawton, on board the Orion, in which they travelled to Australia. According to Evelyn the trip from England was "the best rest we have ever had in our lives."

"She poured chives in with gay abandon. The whole theatre reeked of onions."

"I was well prepared, as I could smell them long before they came on to the stage."

"Frank won't tell the end of the story," said Evelyn. "I am usually the one to play practical jokes, and as the curtain came down he turned to me with cold, calm fury and

said, 'I don't think that was particularly funny.'"

"I didn't comment until we got home, when I broke the frigid silence by saying, 'I did not put the onions in the omelette.'"

"It sounded so ridiculous that we both laughed, but we were careful to see that there were no chives around from there on."

Neither Evelyn nor Frank has featured in films lately.

"The last film I did was 'The Winslow Boy,'" said Frank.

"I got very little family encouragement for that, as our dog was also in it, and he received all Evelyn's praise for his performance."

"He is still very conceited about it," Evelyn added.

"The dog, I mean, not Frank," she laughed as I raised my eyebrows.

Evelyn does not think it is necessary for Australians trying for a stage career in London to go first to a dramatic school.

"The best training is to get into a touring company, but not to stay in repertory too long," she said.

"Newcomers need the advice and guidance of well-established artists."

"I started off having singing, dancing, and fencing lessons in my lunch hours, and I picked up spots of good advice from hundreds of people."

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Mannequins parade for ROYALTY



MATTLI talking to one of his models, who wears a fine wool dress with wrap-over front. This slim one-piece with short sleeves has the House of Mattli hallmark.



MICHAEL of Lachasse, with a model who shows his fine yellow wool suit. The slim skirt and waisted jacket have a typical Michael spring line. Yellow is current high fashion.



DIGBY MORTON and model in his navy wool suit with striped accessories. For spring, Morton uses many neutral tonings.

The Queen praises Australian girls

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff
Photos taken specially for us by Alec Murray

"AUSTRALIAN girls are very lovely," said the Queen to couturier Peter Russell at the fashion parade by ten mannequins of best-sellers from London's "Big Ten" designers.

Three Australian mannequins showed clothes for three leading houses.

Bobbie Lee, of Adelaide, modelled for Peter Russell; Gwenda Masters, of Melbourne, wore Charles Creed's tailoreds; Judy Barracough, of Sydney, wore Norman Hartnell models.

Norman Hartnell, the Queen's dressmaker, sat beside her as the clothes were paraded in the drawing-room of Lord and Lady Rothermere's home, Warwick House.

The Queen wore lilac with a fur-trimmed floating panel. Princess Margaret wore Hartnell's full-skirted, waisted, royal-blue topcoat and close-fitting hat to match.

While waiting at Warwick House the mannequins crept into the butler's pantry to see the Queen arrive.

It was Judy Barracough's last important mannequin show in London before sailing for Australia in Strathaird to be with her husband, Dr. Ian Potts. It was Bobbie Lee's last show before she marries leather manufacturer Edward Morel, of Surrey, on May 19. It was the first important parade for Gwenda Masters, who arrived in London six months ago.

The ten mannequins wore magnificent jewels from Cartier's.

For the finale they joined hands, and, sweeping into the room in a semi-circle, dropped a deep Court curtsy.

As the Queen was leaving she popped into their dressing-room unexpectedly and said: "I've enjoyed it all very much. You looked absolutely charming."

★ On this page are frocks modelled by three Australian girls chosen to parade for the Queen and Princess Margaret.



EVENING GOWN JUDY BARRACLOUGH (above) by Peter Russell, (below) wears Hartnell's sheath evening gown.



JUDY BARRACLOUGH models Hartnell's Harlequin dress made in shades of pastel tulle with fine embroidery.



BOBBIE LEE (left) in Peter Russell's jacket ensemble. Gwenda Masters (right) in Creed's one-piece with cape.



Evening in Paris

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and cushiony, so highly absorbent, they protect baby against all changes of climate.

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"Dri-Glo" also make special super-craft nursery towels for baby.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

Millinery fashions from Paris include the chignon hat; neat, demure, and very chic, it's an ideal hat for short hair.

THIS will solve the problem of a reader who writes:

"I REALISE my request will be a little out of the ordinary, but could you please help me? My hair is very short, cut quite close to my head. I do not know the kind of hat to wear with a formal frock to an evening wedding. I am anxious to be fashionably and correctly dressed."

The "chignon" hat, as the name implies, is finished with a chignon. The chignon is moulded in the material of the hat, in ribbon, or sometimes made in flowers. The shape itself is tiny—it can be some type of intricate little cap or a half-bonnet. This hat first appeared in Paris in Christian Dior's autumn-winter collection, and made its reappearance in current spring French showings. The difference is its placing. It is now placed at the back of the head instead of, as formerly, flat on top. (See illustration.)



Chignon hat in velvet.

My material and color suggestion is lead-grey flannel, a good practical and fashionable basic daytime color, and one that can be worn with various color accents. Looks particularly well with mimosa-yellow and very chic with mole. About design, have a slim skirt, curved fronts to the "jumper," and the jumper finished with a tiny standing collar.

Diagonal tucks

"WOULD you give me a suggestion for a sheer wool frock? If you think it suitable, I want it tucked in some manner, perhaps on the bodice or the skirt or both."

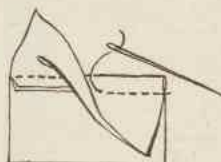
For sheer wool, tucking would look both pretty and effective. You could have the design diagonally tucked from neckline to hemline and finished with a tiny collar, pocket flaps, and belt at the natural waistline.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

French seam

"I AM making some rather transparent silk into a nightgown for my trousseau and wonder if you would advise me the correct way to do the seams."

A French seam. Actually this is a seam inside a seam and is used a lot for underwear, particularly when the material is fine and transparent. The seam is neat on both sides. You first tack together the pieces to be joined, right side out. Make the seam with small running stitches and then trim the cut edges close to the stitching. Next remove your tacking threads, turn seam to underside, and make a second seam to cover the cut edges. (See illustration.)



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



Julie

"ANGELA"—Smartly styled overall with buttoned front fastening. The material is floral summer breeze (cotton). Color choice includes red and black, and cyclamen, green and black printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 57/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 57/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 58/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/11.

"JULIE"—A long-sleeved smock finished with large patch pockets. The material is floral seersucker obtainable in red and navy, pale blue and sage blue printed on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 22 and 24in. bust, 55/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 57/3.

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In futile search for gold;
The Queen was led upstairs to bed,
Half-dead with cough and cold,
"I've been betrayed," the monarch said,
"A crown I had, I'm sure;
What shall I do, for a bottle or two
Of Woods' Great Peppermint
Cure."

Book-hungry children



AUTUMN-TONED curtains and cream shelves make an attractive setting for the Rockhampton Children's Library, which is much appreciated by the youngsters of the Queensland coastal city.

Youngsters rush to join library

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Children who live hundreds of miles from Rockhampton, Queensland, are writing to the children's library recently opened there asking for books.

BOOKS are being posted to Emerald, 500 miles inland from Rockhampton, which is on the north coast of Queensland.

Sydney librarian Mrs. June Wells, who conducts the library, thought it would take longer for the children to get used to having books to read.

Before the library opened she talked to the children at their schools and announced the opening in the local papers.

The youngsters rushed the place on opening day and now 300 to 500 change books every day. There is a queue at 2.45 p.m. when the doors open.

Already more than 3000 of the 7000 in the district belong to the library and many make 30-mile trips to change their books.

The library has 5000 books but needs more.

As the children can take only one book at a time, some of them borrow a book as soon as the library opens, go outside and read it, and come rushing in to change it for another before the library closes again.

Mrs. Wells, who is a Bachelor of Arts of Sydney University and one of six chartered librarians in Australia, says she is thrilled with the way in which these youngsters, many of whom previously read only comics for relaxation, are devouring books.

"The local newsagent said the sales of comics have dropped, but he doesn't mind, because there is now an ever-increasing demand from children for books," she told me. "But in spite of efforts to lead the children's taste along educational lines, the most popular books in the library are the Biggles Books."

"There is a waiting list for all Biggles Books, but the children get cunning and refuse to hand them in until we get them another Biggles."

"One dear little nine-year-old girl (no shoes or socks) announced she was sick of the books she was reading and wanted a good murder mystery."

"Many of the children had never bothered to read any books except school books and they are now reading books on wild life, history, and hobbies."

"The boys have better taste than the girls, and read much more quickly."

Mrs. Wells said that two brothers, aged eight and nine, borrowed a book on boat-building one day and, at the end of the week, returned it a few days late.

"We are sorry we are late, but we had to finish the boat," they explained.

Mrs. Wells said Australian aboriginal legends were very much in demand, and children seemed to delight in reading

about the flowers and animals they saw in the bush.

Members of the library must wash their hands before changing books. A wash-room is provided.

There is a special section for tiny tots with picture books on low, squatting shelves.

The library is financed by the Rockhampton City Council and a Government subsidy.

Cost of such a library is about £2000 to establish it and about £1000 a year to maintain it.

"Crawfie's" story of Queen Mary

FIRST publication in Australia of Marion Crawford's new book on the Royal Family will begin in our next issue. It is the story of the Queen Mother, one of the most dignified and best-loved women of the British Commonwealth.

Governess to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, "Crawfie," as she is known to the Royal Family, drew on her memory for the endearing story she wrote under the title "The Little Princesses," which we published exclusively in Australia.

Now we have secured the rights to another moving story which reveals the sunlight and shadow of the life of Queen Mary and one that underlines the high ideals which she has always held.



EAGER young members of the Rockhampton Children's Library changing books in the pleasant surroundings in which the library is housed at the Council Chambers.



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AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1951-05-05

Page 29

Missing Page



AWW PROJECT

**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1951-05-05

Page 30

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LECTURES are bearable only if there's a man to talk to. He must get through his exams, but she's interested only in making a conquest.

Varsity Vamp

• Here is the type of girl who is privileged to go to a university, but seems to make it her business to distract male students from their studies.



"HOP IN, we'll cut the lecture and all go for a drive instead," she says.

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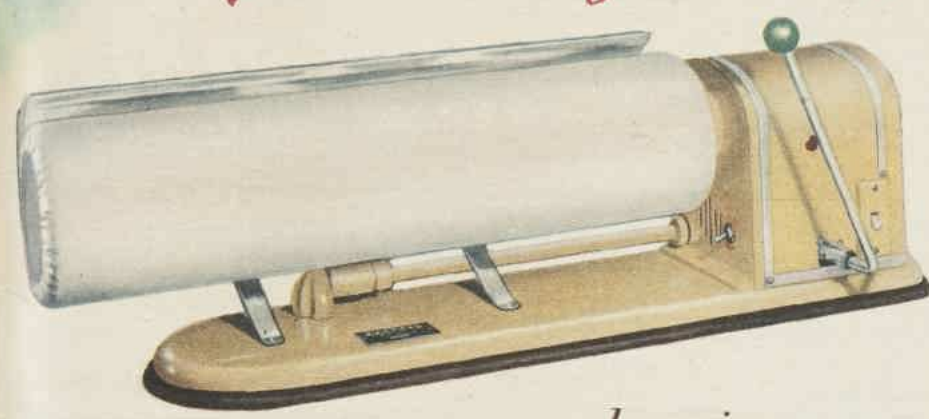
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 5, 1951

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Worth Reporting

AUSTRALIAN artist Alice Danciger, of Sydney, back after three years in Italy, gave us news of the remarkable Baroness Avanzo, aunt of film producer Roberto Rossellini.

Members of Miss Danciger's family first met the Baroness when she came to Australia 20 years ago as a racing-car driver. She was also Italy's first airwoman.

In her 60's but still very beautiful, the Baroness has now taken up film production. She produced the film "Volcano," starring Anna Magnani, when Rossellini was working on "Stromboli" with Ingrid Bergman.

Miss Danciger attended the premiere of "Volcano" in Rome, and met Anna Magnani several times.

"She is a fascinating person, very short and quite plain," Miss Danciger said. "She asked me if I would like to paint her portrait. I didn't have time before I left, but hope to when I return to Italy."

In Rome Miss Danciger lived in a luxuriously furnished flat, in which there was a large marble table, inlaid with lapis lazuli. Some of the pictures were set in frames decorated with garnets and other semi-precious stones.

The whole of the bedroom was of old Venetian glass.

"It tinkled every time I got in," Miss Danciger told us.

Miss Danciger went on pheasant shoots and wild-boar hunts from the Medici-built villa of Prince and Princess Ruffo di Calabria in Tuscany.

In Venice Miss Danciger painted in the only garden there. It belongs to Princess Aspasia, of Greece.

Miss Danciger has brought back with her paintings she showed in Rome. She will return later to Italy, to show paintings done during her visit to Australia.

SOAP powder is being offered in exchange for old woollen garments in England, says our London office. Collectors make up to £40 a week, either buying old woollen clothes or offering the powder in exchange.

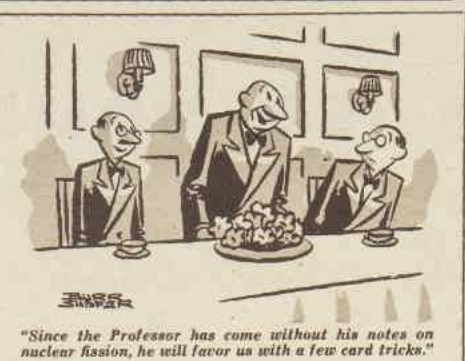
My favorite poem

Mrs. Irene Ferguson, a semi-invalid, of Rock Ferry, Cheshire, England, writes: "I would love to see 'The Daffodils' in your Favorite Poem column. I don't know it all, but I'll put the first two lines . . . and if you did print it, well, I'd know it all through. Each time I think of it I see masses of daffodils in a slight breeze."

Here are the first two verses:

*I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.*

—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—The Daffodils.



"Since the Professor has come without his notes on nuclear fission, he will favor us with a few card tricks."

Quartet pools finances

WHEN we asked Sidney Griller the secret of his String Quartet's 23-years-without-a-quarrel association, he said:

"I think it is because we are all a very uncommercial quartet. We never think of money. Don't get me wrong. We all like to have a few shillings to jangle in our pockets. But we pool all our resources and draw anything we want from the pool."

"For instance, when I had pneumonia recently and didn't work, the others worked, not at recitals, of course, and I just drew from the pool until I was better."

The quartet agree that of the famous people they have played for Sir Stafford Cripps seems to appreciate their playing most.

"He really loves it," viola player Philip Burton said.

The quartet also played for Winston Churchill and Stalin at Potsdam.

"The room was very small," Philip said, "and we were only about a foot away from Stalin. I simply couldn't help staring hard at him. He doesn't seem to care much for music. He said himself he was only a simple man, but Molotov was really keen about it, and seemed to know a great deal about the classics."

Only two of the four music makers have families. Jack O'Brien and Philip Burton are the bachelors, Colin Hampton has a wife and two boys, and Sidney Griller a wife and a boy and a girl.

The Harris family is here to build

SURE, an' there's a lot of Harris' around Parkes, N.S.W., these days. And there's a mellow brogue in the air, too, because they've brought their County Down voices with them.

There's mother and father Harris and nine children, whose ages range from 8 to 28 years, and two daughters-in-law.

Every one of them is full of excitement at being in this new land. All the Harris' are rearing to go on their big scheme for building more and more houses in Parkes.

We matched a hasty chat with 23-year-old Walker. He's an electrical engineer, and if the gift of the gab counts for anything around Parkes, he'll be a big asset to father Harris in overcoming building material shortages.

Mr. Harris, until his departure for Australia, was Superintendent of Works for the Northern Ireland Ministry of Finance. From now on his superintending will be confined strictly to the family.

Apart from Walker, there's Albert, also a builder. Bob is the civil engineer of the family, with only one year's study at Sydney University before he's qualified. William is a motor mechanic, and Ethel and Nell are competent stenographers.

We asked Walker where his mother came into the building scheme. He thought hard for a minute, then said: "Well now, I suppose she'll probably have enough to do looking after the family."

He's probably right at that.

Stretch for authority

"A LITTLE stretch goes a long way," says Miss Phyllis Bates, Sydney teacher of ballroom dancing.

Miss Bates recently gave the Society of Artists a talk on the basic principles of graceful movement.

Correct stretching of the body and a well-timed bending of the knee can do more to lend an air of authority than all the table-thumping and thundering in the world, Miss Bates said.

"If we could only remember to treat our bodies as if they were on a pivot, and endeavor to produce an outline of curves, not angles, our streets would not be so full of weary walkers 'plodding down life's track,'" she said.

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INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. JOHN O'GRADY

... plays and potions

SYDNEY chemist John O'Grady, of King's Cross, mixes play-producing and writing with pills and potions. From experiences in Japanese P.O.W. camp, wrote first play, "The Valley," which reached finals of British Drama Festival, 1949. Three-act comedy, "Green Olives," has been accepted by Australian Theatre Movement. At present touring N.S.W. with "Murder Without Crime" for Legacy.



MISS ELLEN CUMBER

... arranges mothers' meetings

MASTER of Arts of Cambridge University, social worker Ellen Cumber is visiting Australia from England to gather data about our country for migrants. Arranges meetings of mothers coming to Australia to give them understanding of conditions before they come out. Former mistress of famous English Girls' School, St. Paul's, she is now general secretary of the Overseas Settlement of British Women.



MR. LESLIE GAMAGE, M.C., M.A.

... electrical business

ENGLISH business man, Mr. Leslie Gamage, is touring Australia with his wife, the Honorable Mrs. Muriel Gamage, Commander of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. He is vice-chairman and joint managing director of the General Electric Company Ltd., of England. Started in G.E. Co. Ltd. as assistant secretary in 1919. Is also Chief Business Adviser of Ministry of Civil Aviation.

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 5

A STRANGE look came into Brande's eyes. "Remain here, Garcia," he said. "Haley, will you come with me?"

Followed by the Professor, he strode down the gravel path towards the tool shed. Jose was not there. Brande was about to swing out towards the shrubbery, when his eye was arrested by the gardener's jacket drooping, shapelessly, from a nail behind the door.

Borne forward by his fever of anger and resentment, he stepped without hesitation to the door and began to search the pockets of the coat, throwing recklessly upon the earth floor the useless objects which came to light—a ball of twine, some fish-hooks stuck into a piece of cork, the dry heel of a loaf wrapped in newspaper.

There were many pockets in the patched and weather-stained garment and a double lining as well. Yet it seemed as though the exploration must prove fruitless, when suddenly, with a hoarse cry of triumph, the Consul brought out, yellow and glittering, from the innermost recess a pair of heavy cuff-links.

"Mine!" he stuttered. "Unquestionably mine. And don't you see"—in his excitement he clutched Haley's arm—"these are only gilt . . . the only imitation set I possess. He's got rid of all the rest. But these, because they have no real value, were left on his hands."

The Professor murmured: "Did I not tell you? Only, my dear friend, for the sake of your health . . . be calm." "I refuse to be calm!" Brande exclaimed. "After all I have endured from him, the damage he has inflicted upon me and mine, at last he has been delivered up to me!" He raised his voice and shouted: "Jose! Come here . . . immediately."

In a few moments Jose broke into the little shed, pulled off his linen cap, and, between his quick breaths, exclaimed: "You wanted me, senator?"

Brande exposed the gilt cuff links in his quivering palm.

"Where did you get these?" Jose looked at the yellow discs, then his eyes went from Haley to the Consul.

"I do not understand you, senator. I have never seen these things before."

"Then explain how they got into your jacket."

Jose's bewildered gaze darted towards the dragged poncho on the back of the door. "They were never there."

"They were there. I found them in your pocket a moment ago. Professor Haley can swear to it."

Jose had turned white, his stare, as though fascinated, could not leave the links.

"Someone must have put them there," he muttered.

A faint ironic snicker escaped from the Professor.

"The classic answer," he murmured.

The Consul did not hear.

There was a singing in his ears, a hot flame within his chest. He said slowly, as though savoring each word: "I am going to summon the guardia. Meantime you will come with us to the house. It is useless for you to try to escape."

Jose was paler than ever. Yet his lip drew back with a trembling pride.

"I shall not run away, senator. The guardia is my friend. He knows I am not a thief."

Less than half an hour later a sergeant of the civil guardia, young and well set up in his dark green uniform and black shiny hat, arrived at the front door. Garcia showed him to the Consul, who was at once impressed by the man's smart and soldierly appearance.

"I regret troubling you, Sergeant," he began, directly. "But it appears I have a thief in my employ."

Succinctly—for he had now fully recovered his self-possession—he outlined the facts. When Jose's name was mentioned the guardia lost for a moment his look of calm alertness. And when Brande concluded he looked puzzled.

"It sounds extremely bad, senator," he said. "Yet are you sure there is no mistake? I

know this Jose Santero. He is perhaps a trifle wild, but a thief . . . ?"

The Consul drew himself up sternly.

"Do you propose to allow your personal feelings to interfere with your duty?"

"No, no, senator," the sergeant answered hastily. "Let us see him at once."

They went into the dining-room, where Jose stood alone, in pained perplexity, awaiting them.

For Nicholas it was like sunshine after rain to be allowed to dress and come downstairs, to have breakfast in the dining-room with his father and Professor Haley. And although he was conscious of something hidden, a sense of conspiracy, between them, that disturbing tension of the past few days seemed eased.

When the meal was over, and Nicholas sat very straight, waiting for his orders, the Consul declared, with only a pretence of stiffness: "You may wish to go into the garden this morning. You have been rather confined lately."

He turned to Haley, "I shall not go to the office until noon. If it does not altogether bore you, perhaps you might run through the final section of my manuscript."

"Delighted, my friend," Haley replied.

They stood up. Nicholas moved quietly to the front door and the next minute was standing on the portico.

How good it was to be outside again, to be free after the miseries of his detention—he sniffed the fresh, scented breeze with expanding nostrils. It would never do, of course, to rush at once towards Jose. He strolled, slowly and inconspicuously, down the herbaceous border.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw Professor Haley emerge from the villa, carrying a plaid rug and the precious bundle of the Malbranche manuscript. When the psychologist had settled himself comfortably in a chair by the arbor, Nicholas edged off towards the stable-yard.

Please turn to page 39



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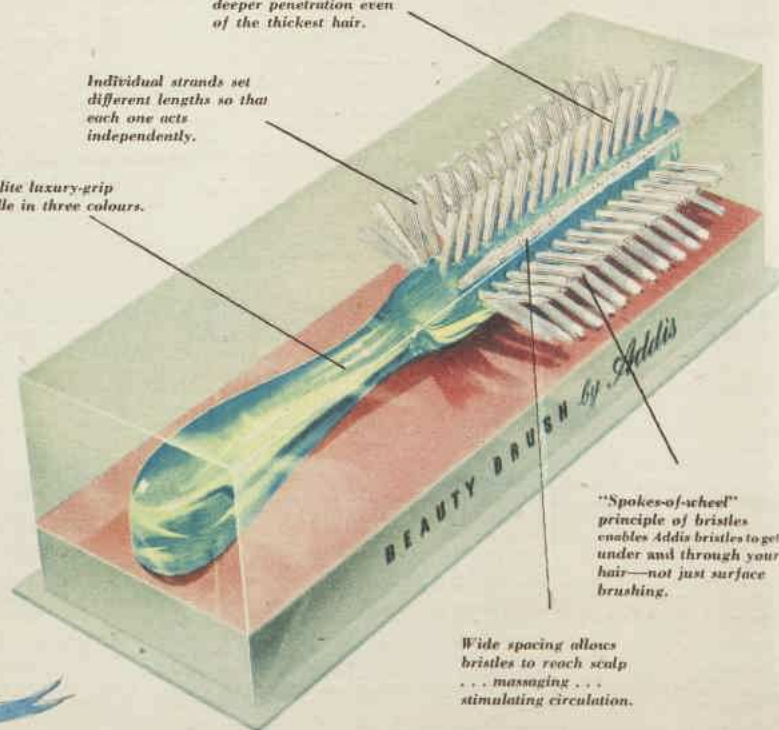


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The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 37

FOR some time now, the sound of wood chopping had been calling Nicholas to the yard.

But it was Garcia who, with rolled-up sleeves, wielded the whirling machete, and in a flurry of disappointment and alarm, the boy scurried round the gable of the coachhouse towards the new rockery.

Jose was not there either. Hastening his steps Nicholas passed beyond the oleanders, through the old myrtle patch, then back by the empty tool shed and the catalpa tree until, finally, having completed the tour, he drew up, disconsolately, beside the arbor.

As the hatchet strokes still rang out he decided he might reach the back premises unobserved. Despite her unbelievable behaviour on the day before, he believed that Magdalena was still, more or less, his friend.

Yes, there she was, seated on the step of the open kitchen door, plucking a chicken.

From her abrupt violent movements Nicholas knew she was in a bad humor, yet after a moment, in a low coaxing voice, he said: "Magdalena . . . where is Jose?"

She gave her head an angry shake and slapped the limp fowl over on its back.

"Go away. I don't know anything. I do not wish to know anything. I only work hard morning, noon, and night . . . work hard like a slave." Her voice rose suddenly to a high note and almost broke. "Do you hear me? Go away."

Nicholas went away. He went through the faded mimosa hedge, and came out at the cliff wall. Here he seated himself and stared out at the empty bay.

It was nothing, he told himself . . . perfectly all right. Jose would turn up in the afternoon, probably he had been sent somewhere on an errand.

A whiff of cigarette smoke made him turn his head—then, with a start, he almost toppled over. Garcia had come down from the stable-yard, noiseless in rope-soled sandals, and was standing beside him, a burning stub between yellow fingers, sharing his admiration of the view.

"The sea," he remarked. "Is it not superb? Lying there, like a great beast, licking its paws?"

Nicholas, after an involuntary shiver, sat, contracted, on the stone. Yet he perceived that Garcia was in a mood of unusual content.

"It is good to get away from people," he said, "mediocre, ridiculous people, and be at one with the eternal. I know the sea. I have sailed the oceans of the world. I have been becalmed in the blazing Sargasso. Weeds, weeds . . . green weeds clinging under the surface scum, clinging like the tentacles of octopi."

"I thought you were a soldier," Nicholas said.

"Bah! I have been everything. A sailor too. Shag-haired. Two years before the mast. You do not believe me?" He slipped an arm from his open shirt and with a vehement gesture exposed his back, the smooth bare skin seamed with scars.

"Now you can see where I was flogged. But even with that, they could not make me yield. Never. When they brought bread and water, I sat like a king on his throne, in my cell."

"Cell?" gasped Nicholas.

"Were you in prison?"

Garcia laughed suddenly.

"Prison . . . do you think it would be nice in prison?"

"No," stammered Nicholas.

AGAIN Garcia laughed harshly. "Do you know the Spanish prisons, where the damp trickles down the walls and the cockroaches, big as rats, run over you at night? And the wall, the high wall, where men stand with rifles, seems to separate you even from the sky. Don't let yourself be trapped in there, young master. Be smart, like me, and stay outside."

"I will," Nicholas fervently agreed. "No one would want to go to such a place."

"Ho, ho!" Garcia threw back his head in greater merriment. "You are more amusing than ever, young master. Of course no one wants to go. But sometimes one is made to go. The guardia comes, clicks on the handcuffs, and drags one away." He paused, and added softly: "Like he did yesterday."

"Yesterday?" echoed Nicholas.

"You did not know?" Garcia, no longer laughing, fixed upon the boy his ironic and inhuman gaze. "Jose was taken yesterday to the cuartel . . . for stealing from your father."

Nicholas shrank back, lost his balance, and actually fell from the wall.

"No . . . no!" he whispered, scrambling to his knees.

"It is true," Garcia said. "He is in prison. Five years they will give him, at the least. Your Jose is a thief."

His voice rose.

"Don't get in Garcia's way," he exclaimed. "It is not wise. He will vanquish you. A man among men. A king upon his throne. Let all who hear take warning."

He stood a moment, his head thrown back, outlined against the opalescent sky; then, without further speech, he turned and went off.

Nicholas remained motionless, lost and abandoned to despair. Now, indeed, he could understand his father's indulgence, the Professor's arch complaisance, Garcia's exalted mood . . . the pattern of the morning was complete. Jose in prison . . . a thief . . .

Oh, no, never, he thought. Never would they make him believe it.

The sound of voices caused him to spin round and peer across the wall. Two men were coming down the lane towards the villa. They came slowly, for they were old, both dressed in black, hobbling along like a pair of aged, bedraggled crows.

The taller carried a faded black umbrella and wore a long soutane, and Nicholas made out that he was a priest.

Then he saw that the second old man was Pedro. Instinctively, he started to run, and, skirting the formal garden, taking care not to be observed, he broke through the shrubbery in time to meet the two visitors in the drive.

"Pedro," he panted. "How are you? How is Jose? What are you doing here?"

The old man made a gesture, grave and sorrowful, with his hand.

"We are calling upon your worthy father."

"But why, Pedro? Oh, tell me, where is Jose?"

The priest had walked on slowly, leaning on the old umbrella. Pedro answered hurriedly: "It is not wise that I talk to you, Nicco. It compromises our position."

He added, in a hasty undertone: "Take this, amigo. Do not say a word."

He thrust a screw of paper into the boy's hot hand, then the next minute had rejoined his companion and was advancing towards the door.

In a flash, Nicholas darted back into the bushes. Crouching, unseen, he opened the paper.

Please turn to page 44

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The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

THREE-YEAR-OLD Prudence Edelman and her dad had come to the hospital to take mother and the new baby sister home. As they were waiting Mr. Edelman unwrapped a big package he had with him.

"Here, Prue," he said, "here's a baby of your own to take home." Prue's eyes opened wide as she smuggled the lovely doll against her coat.

Later, when she asked to hold her new sister she was allowed to do so. With a little help, she did a very competent job.

She said with a joyous sigh, "Now, I have two babies. Isn't that good?"

We can usually expect some minor emotional upset when a youngster has to face a new baby in the home. But when things are planned as they were by the Edelmanns, that upset will be a passing one. The doll idea was good.

Even better, perhaps, was their willingness to let Prudence take a real part in caring for her new sister. Later she helped with the bottles, put away clean washing, and in many other ways had a share in the jobs that had to be done for the baby.

It surprised the neighbors



"She's for me, too."

that she showed so little jealousy. But there was no reason for jealousy, for she had such an important place in the family and in her parents' happiness with the new baby.

All characters mentioned in this feature are fictitious.



HIDDEN MAP, the key to South Seas treasure, is given to Jim Hawkins (Bobby Driscoll) by Captain Billy Bones (Finlay Currie) in the solitary Admiral Benbow Inn.



JIM HAWKINS broaches the apple barrel as cabin-boy in the good ship "Hispaniola" during her exciting voyage to the island.

Treasure Island

The Jolly Roger flies again in new Disney film

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S classic adventure story "Treasure Island" is the subject of Walt Disney's first all-live-action technicolor film.

Adventurers of all ages and either sex who find the words "buried treasure" enough to fire the imagination will rediscover in the drama-packed voyage of the movie "Hispaniola" a bounty of make-believe.

The boy Jim Hawkins, played by 13-year-old Bobby Driscoll, is the hero of this roving melodrama filled with troubles, alarms, courage in the face of terror, and testings of the spirit.

On these pages is a portrait gallery of some of the cast who bring to life Stevenson's swash-buckling characters in the R.K.O. production.

The story of "Treasure Island" is told in the 1760 period, when pirates had been driven to cover, but when the possibilities of recovering their buried treasure were still very real.

Starting in Bristol on the west coast of England, it pictures a colorful seaport of that day,

and brings to life the hard-bitten seamen of one of the most exciting eras of maritime history.

The conflict shifts to the decks of the square-rigger "Hispaniola," and here the crew divides into rival camps—the treasure-seeking group headed by Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey, and the pirate crew led by Long John Silver.

On Treasure Island itself the action accelerates when Long John Silver roars "Cutlasses, you swabs!" to his pirate horde as they charge the stockade where the others are imprisoned.

A terrific jungle battle for possession of the fort and the loot follows.

A fo'c's'le sing-song in "Treasure Island" features the old sea chanty which begins with the words "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!" Research into the origin of this song revealed "The dead man's chest" to be a dangerous sunken reef, not a sailor's sea chest as suggested in old maritime tales.

The reef was the graveyard of many a pirate and his quarry, including 15 whose fate was sung by a surviving bos'n's mate after a fight between two buccaneer factions on the same ship.



"PIECES OF EIGHT! Pieces of eight!" screams the bright green parrot from his perch on the shoulder of piratical sea-cook Long John Silver (Robert Newton).



ONE-LEGGED SAILOR Long John Silver makes friends with keen young treasure seeker Jim Hawkins (above).

GARRULOUS old Squire Trelawney (Walter Fitzgerald), left, man of substance and one of the loyal company of treasure hunters.



CUT-THROAT CREW fights on the wharf at Bristol (below) outside Long John Silver's tavern before commencing the dark adventures of piracy.



DOCTOR LIVESLEY (Denis O'Dea), level-headed and understanding medico of the island expedition.



CAPTAIN BILLY BONES (Finlay Currie) receives the Black Spot—a sign of death—from old shipmates.



BLIND PEW, the sinister beggar (John Laurie), above, corners terrified Jim Hawkins.

GEORGE MERRY (Ralph Truman), right, is a savage and cunning antagonist in the battle for golden doubloons.

CAPTAIN SMOLETT (Basil Sydney), below, sturdy, sea-wise skipper of the "Hispaniola," rushes to defend his ship against wily buccaneers.



PIRATES locate the burying spot of the booty on Treasure Island only to find that it has been dug up previously and hidden in a cave. Pirate-chief Long John Silver and courageous Jim Hawkins watch their futile efforts in the background.



BEN GUNN (Geoffrey Wilkinson), left, a half-wild man who had been left stranded years before on the island by Captain Flint, an early pirate, cunningly plants the treasure in a hidden cave.





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1 SERGEANT Vic Puccinelli (Dean Martin) has too many troubles of his own to listen to Private Alvin Korwin (Jerry Lewis), who wants leave to see his wife and new baby. Formerly pair were song-and-dance team.



2 GIRLS are Vic's main problem. He has a new girl-friend, Helen (Polly Bergen), but does not want his captain's wife to know that his romance with a girl named Millie (Jean Ruth) is ended.

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY

LIFE in a movie-style army camp provides the background for Paramount's rollicking comedy "At War With the Army," which stars music and comedy team Dean Martin and rubber-faced Jerry Lewis.

In the film the pair have their first star casting, though most filmgoers will remember the antics of Lewis and the crooning of Martin from "My Friend Irma" films.

As unorthodox army recruits and one-time stage troupers they again combine sweet music with dizzy comedy, and are involved in a succession of slapstick incidents.

The supporting cast includes Polly Bergen, Mike Kellin, and William Mendrik.



3 VISITING Captain Caldwell (William Mendrik), Millie tells him that she is expecting a baby. The captain assigns Vic to find the culprit.

4 SINGING with the camp band, after persuasion from Alvin, Vic also promises that he will make a recording while he is in town on leave.



5 DISGUISED as a girl Alvin sneaks out of camp in pursuit of Vic, who goes on leave forgetting to take music for his recording. In a bar Alvin meets a tough sergeant who becomes suspicious of him but fails to recognise him.



6 INTERROGATED about being culprit in Millie affair, Vic clears himself by implicating Alvin. But the captain and Alvin talk at cross purposes and Alvin gets leave.



7 SITUATION is cleared up when Helen and Millie both arrive and Millie explains that she has been married all the time. A private who is dating Helen is present, and when he and Vic fight Vic loses his rank and Helen. He is not unduly upset.



8 KITCHEN chores fall to the lot of Vic as a private, but he and Alvin are partners again. He is pleased, too, that his request for overseas duty is granted.



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4146

I HOPE this may reach you, Nicco. Jose had written. They have shut me up in the cuartel. Is it not a joke? I can't say I am crazy about this place. To obtain exercise I am obliged to stand on my head. But it makes little difference. I shall soon be out and we shall laugh together at whoever has made this great mistake.

Should you have the opportunity, please water the new plants. Also it is better if you keep away from Garcia. Be of good cheer, amigo. We shall yet go fishing again. I think it better if you destroy this note.

Your friend, Jose. Nicholas read the letter three times; then he placed it between his teeth and tore it into tiny shreds, which, with a constriction of his throat, he bravely swallowed. Then, peering through the bushes, he saw that Pedro and the priest had not been admitted to the house.

Garcia had thought fit to keep them standing at the door and now, coldly frowning, the Consul had appeared to interview them on the portico.

Nicholas crept forward on his hands and knees, scratching them badly but not minding in the least, until he was near enough to hear.

"We are sorry to intrude upon you, señor," Pedro was saying in a tone of such humility it made the boy's heart bleed. "We know that your time is occupied by affairs of the highest importance."

"I am, indeed, extremely busy," the Consul snapped. "That is what I say, señor. Nevertheless, the matter upon which we venture to approach you is of much importance to us. I myself am a poor and ignorant man. Perhaps I would not dare to come alone. But Father Limaza has been kind enough to promise that he will speak for me."

"Pray come to the point." "It is Jose, señor, my grandson. You are aware that he is in serious trouble."

The Consul moved impatiently. "Naturally I am aware of it. The matter is out of my hands. Why not go to the police?"

"Poor people have little influence with the police, señor. But if you, with your high position, were to speak one word..."

"I have no power to interfere with the course of justice, nor any desire to do so. Your grandson must suffer the consequences of his own act."

"But, señor... his act," Pedro stammered. "That is just what we cannot understand..."

"Jose is a good boy, señor." Father Limaza spoke in a quiet and pacifying tone. "I can assure you of that, and I have known him all his life."

Nicholas, craning his neck upward, could just see the spare, bowed figure of Jose's champion. His heart sank. The old priest, draped in his dusty soutane, clutching the ridiculous umbrella seemed a sorry advocate indeed.

"It was I who baptised him, señor... gave him his first communion... administered confirmation..."

"Most touching," Brande sneered. "You seem to have prepared him admirably for a life of crime."

"Of course we are all sinners." The old priest's gentle gaze did not stir from the Consul's face. "Yet I cannot conceive that Jose is a thief."

"Then my jewellery has vanished into thin air?" "It is not impossible, señor. Stranger things have happened under heaven."

"What a pity heaven permitted the cuff links to remain in his pocket."

"Ah, yes, señor; that is a damaging fact. But Jose

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 39

maintains he did not place them there."

Harrington Brande smiled with haughty bitterness.

"He will find it difficult to convince the judge."

"No doubt, señor. But we are not his judges." The priest paused as though offering himself, and all his humble experience, with supreme simplicity.

"I do not believe that Jose is guilty. But even if he were... if he had done this bad and stupid thing... would it not be an act of charity to forgive him?"

"Do you take me for a fool?" Brande answered harshly. "The articles he stole from me are extremely valuable. Am I to let myself be robbed of these without a word?"

"Naturally, señor, your loss would be great. But would not the loss of a human soul be greater still? I have told you I know Jose. If he is sent to prison—he who loves the freedom of the open air—I will not answer for what might come to him... in his bitterness..."

"That is no concern of mine."

"And again, Señor," persisted the old priest, "there are others to consider—weak and defenceless creatures, who would, if you do not relent, be plunged into sorrow and want. You are aware that Jose supports his sisters..."

and my good friend Pedro..." "Then your good friend Pedro must now work for himself," the Consul interrupted. "If his purpose in coming here was to perpetuate himself in idleness I must tell you it has failed."

There was an immediate pause. Pedro, with bowed

head, a deep flush spreading round his wrinkled neck, mumbled to his companion: "What is the use? Let us go."

Father Limaza's gentle eyes were sombre. He drew himself up, as though summoning a final effort from his very soul.

"I ask you, señor, for the last time, to be generous. As you expect it from above, do not be parsimonious of mercy to us. Pride is such a poor illusion. Are we not all of us suspended in the will of God? In the name of that God, withdraw your charge against Jose. If you do not, I fear that grave evil will come of it."

"I refuse," the Consul answered.

A silence followed. Then, from the old priest, a profound sigh... Nicholas, cowering in the bushes, could bear to gaze no longer. With tightly shut fists pressed against his eyes he sank down in the dank earth, fighting, fighting to stifle his sobs.

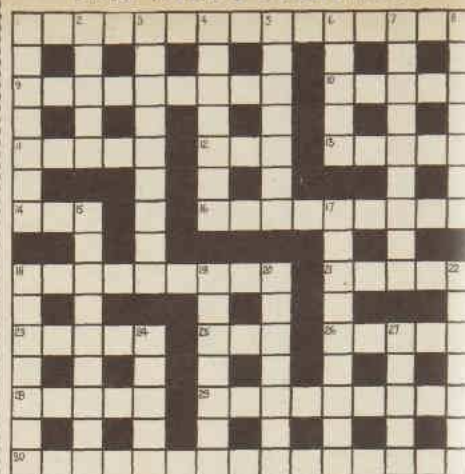
Blind and almost senseless, he heard the sharp slam of the door. Then, slowly, heavily, as though treading a measure of inexorable pain, came the crunch of boots, the dragging of a lame leg, as the two old men retreated down the drive.

Three days later Professor Halevy departed for Paris. In the full flow of his gratitude, the Consul insisted that his friend be spared the discomforts of the first stage of the journey—Garcia would drive him to Barcelona.

As the two stood together in the hall, while the motor purred outside, Brande clasped the psychologist's hand in a sudden access of emotion.

Please turn to page 50

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Since Caesar's time once this is done there is no withdrawal from the act (8, 3, 7).
2. A real stab (Anag. 8).
3. Is still about the saints (5).
4. Endures the shoemaker's tools (5).
5. Seed-vessel is nothing in the Police Department (3).
6. Ocellists mainly on wing (5).
7. Small quantity of spirit (3).
8. Still remaining if Ur is ready made in order (9).
9. Withdrawal about giving up (8).
10. Moslem doctor of theology (5).
11. The first word of the motto of the Prince of Wales or the blood of the gods (5).
12. The rabble or a lot of cattle (3).
13. Do girls always give fruits to boys when they want to meet them? (5).
14. Record the back of which is a little bit more than desolate (5).



Solution to last week's crossword

29. I ran roast (Anag. 4, 5).
30. A non-existing Greek date meant never in Rome (3, 8, 7).

DOWN

1. Fellow backed nothing for the greatest actor of the screen (7).
2. No friends make precious stones (5).
3. Last works of a poet sang by a bird just before its death (4, 5).
4. Sir Henry Percy may have used this violent man when riding (7).
5. A Communist is in the middle of the ornamental screen at the back of the altar (7).
6. Tyrannous persons can be sober (5).
7. Set of actors I confine to college and chaos (9).
8. Olfactory organ bright-colored is a bunch of flowers (7).
15. Hack power is its anagram but it is really a back (4, 5).
17. It sounds strange but a lurid card can belong to Celtic priests (9).
18. I and other human beings to a traitor make clothing (7).
19. Baptize by dipping the whole body (7).
20. Golfstick consisting of the point of a pen and a smart blow with a stick (7).
22. Helps a donkey and me to take tea in a steamship (7).
24. May govern or just helps a pencil to go straight (5).
27. To travel lake tea before rain (5).

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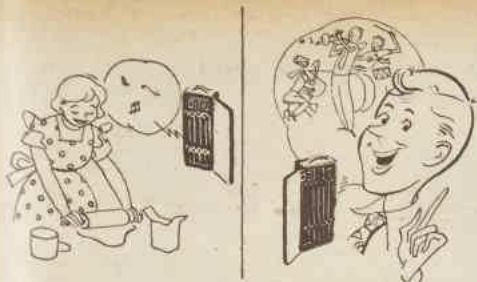
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ACCLAIMED by mature fans and bobby-soxers alike,
rugged-looking Jeff Chandler is shown here as studio mail-
girls load him down with mail. The actor now receives
about 2000 fan letters a week from all parts of the world.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Kim**
M.G.M.'s technicolor
presentation of
"Kim" may not be perfect
Rudyard Kipling, but as-
sessed on its own merits
the film provides colorful,
spectacular adventure that
will have special appeal.

Numerous sequences were
filmed in India on actual lo-
cations described by Kipling
in his seventy-year-old adventure
classic.

Perhaps no film could
wholly recapture the fairy-tale
quality of storybook Kim's
romantic background. As the
orphaned son of a British
sergeant who passes as an
Indian beggar until his white
parentage is established, and
dabbles in intrigue on the side,
youthful Dean Stockwell is
effective, if not entirely in
character.

Friendship with wily Mah-
bub Ali (Errol Flynn), British
espionage agent masquerading
as an Afghan horse-dealer,
leads the boy to join forces
with Paul Lukas' aged Lama
when the holy-man is making
a pilgrimage across the
country.

This strange trio is eventu-
ally instrumental in eliminat-
ing two Russian spies in the
Khyber Pass, enabling British
red-coats to sweep in and pro-
tect the territory from attack
from the north.

As Mahbub Ali, the Red
Beard, Errol Flynn acts with
gusto, and has every appear-
ance of enjoying himself. Be-

sides, he makes an excellent
adventurer, allowing for obvi-
ous discrepancies in speech.

Robert Douglas has the role
of a pukka British colonel,
while Thomas Gomez, Regi-
nald Owen, and Cecil Kella-
way fill minor assignments.

In Sydney—St. James.

★ **Girl of the Year**

★ **MARK** Columbia's
"Girl of the Year"
for glamor, smart dress-
ing, handsome production,
and an occasional laugh.

Using the story of Petty Girl
art as an anchor, the screen-
play tells how lovely blue-
stocking college professor Vic-
toria Braymore (Joan Caul-
field) visits New York and
there meets artist George Petty
(Robert Cummings).

In an attempt to sidetrack
the girl to a modelling career,
Petty takes her dancing, but
the evening ends badly when
they are arrested in a police
raid.

Victoria returns to her col-
lege in a rage, but Petty fol-
lows her, persuades her to
pose for him, and they fall in
love. A few odd romantic
complications are thrown into
the mixture for good measure,
but there are no real ob-
stacles on the way to a happy
and spectacular finale in which
twelve shapely damsels por-
tray Petty Calendar Girls.

Elsa Lanchester and Mel-
ville Cooper are among those
present.

In Sydney—State.

News from studios

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

DANNY KAYE, who recently returned to Hollywood
from his triumphant personal appearance tour of the
East Coast, is spending hours with production chiefs at
M.G.M. in conferences for "Huckleberry Finn," a techni-
color based on Mark Twain's classic tale of Mississippi
youth.

★ **ALEXANDER KNOX**, who
once played President Wil-
son, is the latest to enter
Western films. Knox will be
seen as a wealthy cattle
rancher who opposes hero
Randolph Scott throughout
the technicolor drama "Man
in the Saddle," which rolls
shortly at Columbia.

★ **UNIVERSAL** Studio has
gone into the fish business
in a big way. Three tons of
fish for use in scenes with
Richard Conte, Charles Bick-
ford, and Alex Nicol for
"Fiddler's Green," a story of
the San Francisco fishing fleet.

★ The fish were kept refrigera-
ted when not before the cam-
eras. Prop man Bill Nunley
complained: "I've had rough
jobs in pictures before, but this
one really smelled!"

★ **PAUL DOUGLAS** really got
his heart into his role of
baseball hero for M.G.M.'s
"Angels and the Pirates." The
hefty star attended the open-
ing Pacific Coast League base-
ball game between the Holly-
wood stars and Seattle Rainier
and sat in the broadcasting
booth. To get into the swing
of things, Douglas broadcast
an entire innings of the game.

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weak, run-down, "can't cope with life"
feeling get you down. Start a course
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rich red blood, feeding your tissues
with the vital minerals so essential for
robust health, strength and calm nerves.

In a few days you'll become different,
more "alive" and confident. Soon the
"mineral starvation" that has dragged
you down is overcome . . . youthful
energy and confidence returned.

Ask for Bidomak at your nearest
chemist or store to-day!

Bidomak is guaranteed
to give amazing im-
provement within 14
days or your money
will be refunded on
return of the nearly
empty bottle to the
Douglas Drug Co.,
Goulburn St., Sydney.

Bidomak has made
me a different woman
"I was completely
run-down, every-
thing got on my
nerves. I was told
to get a bottle of
your great tonic
and I have never
regretted it . . .
Bidomak has made
me a different
woman."
(Mrs.) M.O.B.

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FOR NERVES, BRAIN &
THAT DEPRESSED FEELING

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neckline of your dress. A finishing touch of
"Mischief" makes you feel as smart as you look.
Makes him feel romantic. "Mischief" is very
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AH1

AH1.—Lovely graduated PEARL NECKLET. Strong clasp .. **12/11**

AH2

AH2.—Dainty Pastel PEARL NECKLET. Grey, Pink, and Blue .. **29/11**

AI1



AI1.—Chinese Hand-embroidered BLOUSE. SSW, W .. **37/11**

AI2



AI2.—"Tailor Maid" BLOUSE. with pintucks and lace trim. 32-38 .. **37/6**

AP1



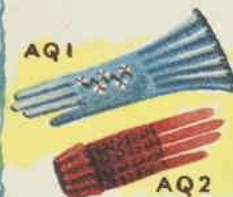
AP2



AG2

AG1.—Yardley's Lavender BATH SOAP—3 cakes in box **6/3**
AG2.—Mitcham Lavender PERFUME in dainty box .. **15/9**

AQ1



AQ2

AQ1.—Cosy All-wool GLOVES. Beige, Nigger, Navy, Red, Lt. Blue. Sizes 4, 5, 6 .. **6/9**
AQ2.—Fancy Knit All-wool GLOVES. Black, Nigger, Navy, Beige. Sizes 6½, 7, 7½ .. **7/6**

AB1



AB1.—Gaily colored HAND-KERCHIEFS of fine lawn, in a splendid range of dainty shades. Just the gift for Mother. Each .. **1/3**

AR1



AR1.—Hilton "Waltz Dream" sheer Nylon HOSIERY in Lt. and Dark Colors. Pair .. **13/11**

AI3



AI3.—Gay Floral SCARF of imp. Georgette. Size 27 x 27in. .. **4/11**

AI4



AI4.—Colorful Art Silk SCARF in popular "Sport" design. 32 x 36 .. **12/11**

AP3



AP3.—APRON of Bordered Seersucker. Non-slip back. W. 9/9; OS. 11/3; EOS .. **11/7**

AS1



AS1.—Smart plastic HAND-BAG. Gill frame. Black, Navy, Brown. **29/6**

AS2



AS2.—English Art. Silk UMBRELLAS. 10 rib. Bright col. handles. **49/6**

AP1.—Floral striped British Halcord DIRNDL. SSW, SW, and W. 25/6; SOS and OS. **28/11**
26/11; EOS ..
AP2.—Buttoned front DIRNDL of fast color Floral Cambric. SW and W. 21/6; SOS and OS. **24/11**
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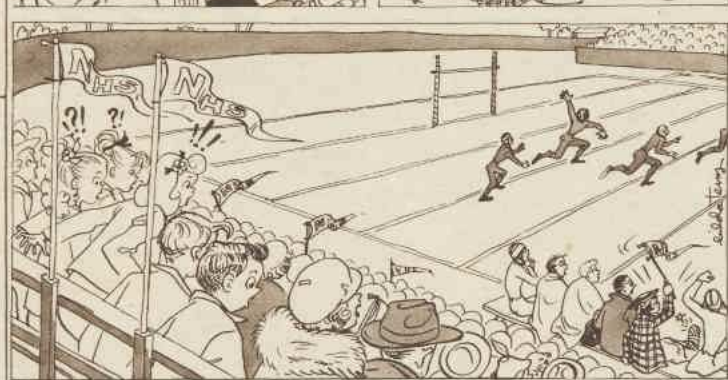


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Scorched, Bruised, Abrasions, Itchiness, Cuts, Blisters, Burns, etc.
Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.



ARIES (March 21-April 20): A regular dynamo, a powerhouse of energy, wheels turning round, sparks flying, that's Aries speeding along the track, headed straight for breaking a record. If you get up too much pressure you might blow your top on Friday (May 4).

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You're good, and you know you're good, but you can't do everything. The other fellow has a game to play, too, and might score a smash hit when you're looking the other way. You'll have yourself to blame if Sunday gives you a sock on the jaw.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Even if you aren't keen on doing the dirty work while somebody else takes a bow, you're elected to the job of rouseabout and you won't get a chance to speak a piece. However, you've contributed to the success. Pickings on Saturday.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Friday will provide some of you with an agreeable jolt. You might make a grandstand play. Brickbats and bouquets may be your portion, but the bouquets have it. You'll be glad you stamped your foot down hard.

**As I read
the Stars**
By
EVE HILLIARD

to roar to some purpose today, Tuesday. They are out to get what they want, and the crowd will applaud. Friday will see the finish—in their favor.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Steady influences are factors. Not satisfied to rely on luck you'll—as usual—work to a system, yet the stars are on your side and your hopes will be justified later. Saturday for a bright interlude.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): People may be leaning heavily on you, and after a time you grow tired of serving as a verandah post. Although glad to help, you may decide on Sunday that you've done your bit. After a dust-up, the atmosphere clears.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): The lone wolf is going into double harness. You'll be asked to pull the load along with a miscellaneous collection, firmly convinced you'd do better on your own. By Thursday you can lay down the burden and go on the prowl.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): What's wrong with an occasional spot of work? It will tide you over until you are ready to sally forth again. You might even try saving some money; admittedly it goes against the grain. Thursday ideal for good resolutions.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Capricorn is apt to take its pleasures sadly, but there's a tonic in the outlook this week. Wednesday may be electric. You're a slow starter, but a fast finisher, and one ambition is now within your grasp.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Time out while you catch your breath, but the umpire will soon blow his whistle. Get set for that whirlwind campaign. Massage your bruises and be ready to hop in on Friday, when the pace will be swift.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Keep travelling. You won't get far from home, but you'll hear plenty. Listen to those who have it right out of the horse's mouth, but discount half of it. Then act discreetly, and Monday will toss a present into your lap.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

The NEW aspirin

NEUTRAL, SOLUBLE, PALATABLE

To most people, the words neutral and soluble mean little or nothing when applied to aspirin. But to doctors they are news when applied to a stable tablet made widely available. They mean the end of a research which has occupied many years.

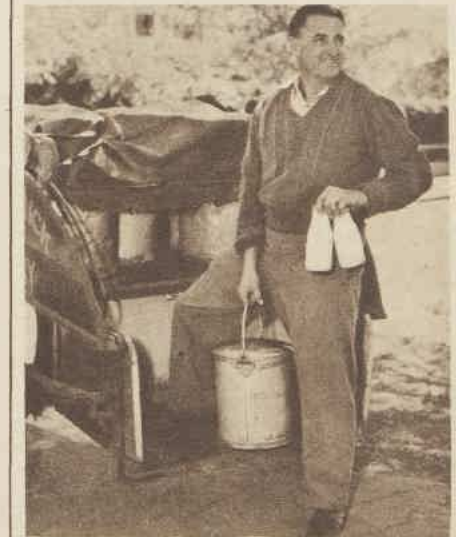


Ordinary aspirin is acid (acetylsalicylic acid) and almost insoluble in water. Ordinary aspirin enters the stomach in the form of undissolved acid particles, which in susceptible cases, may produce gastric irritation resulting in heartburn and dyspepsia. Disprin, on the other hand, forms a substantially neutral, palatable solution. Because it is non-acid, it does not irritate the stomach lining. Because it dissolves completely, it is more rapidly absorbed and is therefore quick to give relief. Your doctor knows how important this is for your comfort and health.

DISPRIN
TO RELIEVE PAIN
NEUTRALIZED
FREELY SOLUBLE
RAPID IN RELIEF
NON-IRRITANT
PALATABLE

Obtainable only from Chemists
Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Division), Sydney

Adelaide's Earliest Riser



You have to get up early to catch milkman Horace Horrocks. He's on the round at the crack of dawn. "And at that time," declares Horace, "there's a pretty sharp nip in the air. Handling cold wet cans and bottles, I get chilled to the bone. But back at the depot they make me a big hot cup of Bonox as soon as I get in! Bonox seems to thaw me right through in two ups, and it puts new energy into me." No wonder, Horace, because Bonox is all rich, pure, beef-essence, warming and strengthening. Start the Bonox habit of a hot cup every day and keep your head above the 'flu line. Eat and drink it for a i-i-f-t!

REMEMBER MOTHER'S DAY SUNDAY 13 MAY

"Yes, Mr Nielsen
you were right"

when you said . . .

"... Mother's Day is traditionally the day
for honoring Mothers everywhere, and every-
one's Mother!

The giving of gifts is incidental. If it is to
be a gift, let it be something worthy of such
a splendid occasion, and something useful,
something that will delight Mother's heart
—a pair of Nielsen's."



EVEREST: For winter, too!
Suede bootie, fully lined
wood lined, turn-down collar.
12 1/2 Cuban heel, leather sole.
Colours: Blue, Burgundy, Rust,
Green and Red.



JULIET: For smart winter
wear. Suede zipper boot, fully
lined wood lined, full wedge
heel and platform, leather sole.
Colours: Blue, Burgundy, Rust,
Green and Red.



WARMEZE: Smart and comfy,
in all wool felt with wool collar;
covered leather sole. Colours:
Burgundy, Blue, Rust, Cardinal.



MIGNON: Also in quilted
satin, sole with semi wedge
heel, elastic sling back; covered
leather sole, sizes 2-7 1/2. Colours:
Pink, Blue, Rust and Black.



NADA: In all wool felt, full
wedge, covered leather sole.
Colours: Burgundy, Black,
Rust, Blue and Cardinal Red.



PEGGY: Also in all wool felt,
12 1/2 Cuban heel, felt sole.
Colours: Blue, Black, Bur-
gundy, Cardinal, Rust and
Green.

CHERYL: In quilted satin
peep-toe court, satin bow;
covered leather sole. Colours:
Rust, Black, Blue, Pink and
Cherry.

Nielsen SLIPPERS

Nice to come home to

Obtainable from

Q.L.D. SHIRLEY SHOE STORE; T. C. BEIRNE;
ALLAN & STARK; PINNEY ISLES;
McWHIRTER'S; MATHER'S.

N.S.W. DAVID JONES; FARMER'S; ANTHONY HORDERNS;
MARK FOY'S; SNOWS; HORDERNS; GRACE BROS.;
MARCUS CLARK'S; MACNAUGHTS.

W.A. BON MARCHE; FOY & GIBSON; CHAS. MOORE; AHERN'S.

VIC. THE MYER EMPORIUM; GEORGE'S;
FOY & GIBSON; BALL & WELCH.

T.A.S. McKINLAY'S; O'CONNOR'S SHOE STORES; BROWNELLS; FITZGERALDS.

S.A. THE MYER EMPORIUM; JOHN MARTIN'S;
CHAS. BIRK'S; BARLOW'S; C. J. YOUNG'S.

WITH a depth of feeling unusual to him, Brande said, "My dear Hal-vey, what can one say in appreciation of your invaluable aid? You have been my support . . . my standby . . ."

"As a scientist I seek no thanks," Halvey's tone was studied. "Nevertheless, as your friend, I am gratified that my results should have been so exceptional. In my last two sessions with you son I have observed a definite reduction of the fixation. And when this fellow is out of the way the whole complex should disappear."

He shot a shrewd glance at the other. "At the same time, I would ask you to be mindful of your own health."

"My health?" Brande repeated in surprise. "You have permitted this affair . . . this Spanish youth . . . to over-excite you. Your reflexes are exaggerated, your nervous system is on edge."

"Oh, come now, dear friend!" The Consul laughed, a trifle loudly. "Your affection for me makes you too anxious. I have never felt better in my life."

"No doubt. Revenge is a stimulating passion. But it may be dearly bought. Do not let it run away with you. For you . . . moderation is the only cure." Halvey started towards the door. "Ah, well, we shall see you in Paris one of these days."

With an enigmatic, slightly sour smile, he added: "No doubt when your book is published."

When the car drove off Brande remained standing upon the portico. In his pre-

sent mood he would have preferred a more intense leave-taking but Halvey, unpredictable, could, when he willed it, stifle all sensibility by his detachment.

He had meant to go upstairs to see Nicholas before leaving for the office but he decided against such an overture. After all, it was not his place to break the estrangement—the boy must weaken first and come running back, with open arms and pleading eyes.

Straightening his shoulders he picked up his hat and stick, then set out on foot towards the town.

At the Consulate, Brande had barely seated himself at his desk when Fernando, the chief Spanish clerk, knocked and entered.

"Mr. Decker has gone to Porto Alijo, sir. In connection with the cargo of the Eastern Star. He was most anxious to speak with you, sir."

"Did he leave a message?" "No, sir. He said he would return by five o'clock this evening. He indicated that it was most important."

"Important?" "Yes, sir. Mr. Decker seemed much disturbed."

"Very well," said the Consul brusquely. "He can see me when he gets back."

"And another matter, sir." The young Spaniard hesitated, dropped his full, coffee-colored eyes. "They telephoned you at nine o'clock from the corte. It is decided that Jose Santero must go to Barcelona for trial. He will be taken there on Wednesday by the afternoon train."

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 44

A tingling, electric wave passed along the Consul's nerves—this, more than anything, was the news he wished to hear. He had feared all along that the case would come before the town police court, where local sentiment might easily sway the magistrate in the prisoner's favor.

But at the high court in Barcelona it was a different matter. There the judgments were strict, the sentences noticeably severe. Brande's voice was slightly unsteady as he answered: "Thank you, Fernando. That will be all."

When the clerk bowed and went out the Consul's indifference left him; he rose impetuously and began to pace the strip of woven matting which ran the length of the narrow room. The thought of his approaching revenge grew and grew within him, until it suffused his every fibre.

He must of course be present at the trial to profess the charges—already the scene in the court-room was vividly before his sight. But more than that, he would travel to Barcelona in the same train as the prisoner, sit near him in the compartment, witness at first hand every moment of his suffering, his shame . . .

There was little work upon the Consul's desk. He signed a few certificates, saw briefly two seamen who for the past hour had been waiting upon him to have their papers cleared, then went out early to the cafe, El Chantaco, for lunch.

His normal habit was to eat sparingly at midday, but today he ordered beefsteak, a savory omelette, and some goat's-milk cheese; then, although he rarely touched liquor during the day, he drank in quick succession three glasses of manzanilla.

Lighting a cigar, for a while he made pretence of reading the "Voz de Madrid," flicking the greasy pages over the wooden stick. But it was no use. He got up, threw a bill on the table, and left the cafe. Without purpose he walked past the deserted sun-bleached quays, quivering in the afternoon glare.

Quite suddenly, as though driven by an inner force, he pulled down the brim of his hat and turned into the town, to a strange street, deserted at this hour yet slightly sinister, then through a dark patio to the arched corridor within.

It was almost five o'clock when Brande got back to the Consulate and, with an inscrutable expression on his hard, pale face, went directly to his own room. On his passage through the outer office he observed, from the corner of his eye, that Alvin had already returned.

Brande sat down heavily in his swivel chair. He was angry at himself now for his senseless adventure, and unaccountably depressed. At last, however, with a shrug he recovered himself, straightened his shoulders, abruptly rang the bell on his desk.

Immediately Alvin entered.

Beauty in brief:

Wear a smooth brow

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Best way to preserve a serene, unruffled appearance is to continually remind yourself not to frown or squint.

IT'S easy to say, but the fact remains that most people frown unconsciously when deep in thought or listening intently, or when exposed to bright lights.

They automatically raise the brows in animated conversation or surprise, and lower them when they walk down the street—and in that case perhaps glasses are needed.

Combating beginner frown lines is relatively simple, since we are all creatures of habit. Determined effort to uncrease furrowed brows will promote smoothness.

If you should find yourself in the habitual frowner's class with lines that seem to be settling in permanently, that is the signal for external treatment if an oculist assures you that no eyestrain exists.

Start nightly massage of the area with a good, oily cream. Using the middle finger on each hand, concentrate on the frown area, sliding fingers from the nose bridge outward above the eyebrows.

Four to five minutes daily should be devoted to anti-frown work in order to get results.

Make yourself some anti-frown patches with adhesive tape and wear them while you are doing the housework, taking an afternoon nap, or working in the garden.

Cut tape to the required size, draw the skin between the eyebrows taut with the two fingers of one hand, place the patch along the length of the wrinkle and hold down until it adheres firmly.

"Well," Brande spoke at last. "What is the matter?"

The Chief's manner had the effect of increasing young Decker's agitation.

"I'm sorry to have to worry you, sir. Really, I am. But the fact is, I've had a letter from the agency."

"What agency?"

"The domestic agency," Alvin answered. "Oh, I assure you, sir, I did all I could . . . wrote to the best place in Madrid . . ."

"Will you have the goodness to explain what on earth you are talking about?"

Alvin moistened his dry lips.

"It's your butler, sir, Garcia . . . the man I engaged for you. He had the highest references, and now the head of the agency has written me in confidence to say there's reason to believe these testimonials were forged. He says also that the authorities are looking for a certain man."

Please turn to page 52

At last I'm free to look after my little family thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you are suffering, this human story will interest you—

"The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment."

"Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful, wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . for the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness."



Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you are suffering, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and start a course of this famous treatment to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful rheumatic ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 5/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 Everywhere



Pastel
Tones

BY

Pelaco



"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"

WORRIED BY DANDRUFF?

MASSAGE YOUR SCALP WITH KOKO

SEE YOUR HAIR SHINE WITH HEALTH!

The famous hair treatment—free from oil, grease, dye.

Ask your chemist for

KOKO

— FOR THE HAIR

101 uses —

- ☆ Use as a handkerchief
- ☆ Gentle on babies' soft skin
- ☆ For removing cosmetics

ANDREX

Cleansing Tissues

In the handy dispenser—carton from all Chemists and Leading Department Stores

DECKER broke off, then went on agitatedly, "Roderigo Espantago is the man's name, and the agency thinks it may be Garcia. He's wanted for robbery with violence, and desertion from the army. He broke out of a criminal mental asylum in Malaga, where he was under observation."

Behind the impersonal mask of his authority Brande experienced a frightening stab. "Show me the letter," he said quickly.

When Decker handed him the sheet he read it through twice, sat for some minutes in heavy fretful thought, then slowly raised his eyes.

"There is nothing definite here. They offer no proof whatsoever."

"No, sir," agreed Alvin, earnestly. "But it all looks fearfully suspicious. I talked it over with Carol and she was frightfully upset, begged me to come to you at once. Don't you think, under the circumstances, you should take some steps?"

Brande's pale lip curled. "Are you, and your esteemed wife, instructing me as to what I should do?"

"Oh, no, sir," Alvin protested, with a quick flush. "But this . . . this fellow seems such a dangerous character . . . and if he should be your butler . . ."

Again the Consul was conscious of a piercing thrust. Yet, in a coldly level tone, he answered: "Garcia has been in my household for several months now. I will say outright that I have never had a better or more trustworthy servant."

"But surely, sir," Alvin exclaimed, with great sincerity, driven from his habitual diffidence, "you will make some inquiry? I feel my own responsibility acutely."

"I think you may be assured that I shall do precisely

what is needful." The Consul folded the sheet and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. "You will of course say nothing of this letter to anyone."

"Yes, sir," Alvin darted a queer glance towards his chief. "You may depend on me."

"I trust so," said Brande in a pained voice. Rising from his chair, he put on his hat, then turned and went out, his steps sounding heavy yet hollow upon the wooden stairs.

Earlier that afternoon lying dressed in his room a sudden intensification of his heart-sickness had swept over Nicholas.

He knew that Professor Havelvy had gone, relieving him at last of the misery of these questionings which, though he could not grasp their purpose, sent always a quick shame into his cheeks.

Garcia was away, driving the car to Barcelona, while Magdalena, more secretive, more withdrawn than ever, kept in her own quarters.

He got up, went into the garden, so sadly empty of life and movement, and, after a moment's throbbing indecision, gathered all his forces and set out along the coast road towards the town. At least it afforded him relief to put his limbs in motion and to have, at the back of his mind, some semblance of a purpose.

It was intensely hot; and the way, which he had never walked before, seemed interminable. When he reached San Jorge, tired out, he paused irresolutely. The fronts of the houses, shuttered against the day, were like blind eyes, the narrow alleyways hoarded their shadows in secret.

Daunted but not defeated, Nicholas made his way across the square to the barrack ground, where the goal was situated. There, too, he halted, crushed suddenly by the for-

The Spanish Gardener

Continued from page 50

midable aspect of the prison, which stood squat and crenellated, flanked by twin towers, with a massive archway.

His naive idea of finding some loophole through which he might speak with Jose faded and died within him.

For some time he hung about, hoping that some fortunate circumstance might arise to aid him. But nothing happened, and suddenly, overcome by an access of panic, Nicholas took to his heels and bolted from the square.

Presently, by some strange stroke of fortune, he found himself in one of the narrow but familiar streets leading to the river. From far off a clock struck three, and, a spark of confidence returning, he slowed his pace and turned towards the Calle Corriente.

He found Jose's home quite easily. Still breathing fast, he took up a position on the opposite pavement. He had not the courage to mount the winding stairs to the little apartment, yet surely, if he waited, some sign would come.

He did wait, for more than an hour, while the sun sank from its zenith. Then, as he was about to give up and move disconsolately away, he saw old Pedro come out of the passage leading to the house. He darted across the street.

"Pedro!" he exclaimed. "It's me . . . Nicco. Have you any news?"

"There is news, Nicco," the old man shook his head sadly. "But it is not good. Jose is to stand trial in the high court at Barcelona. I fear it will go hard with him there."

"Oh, Pedro!"

"Yes, it is a bad business for everyone. But worst of all for Jose."

"I wonder . . . does he ever

speak of me?" Nicholas could barely articulate the words.

"Yes," Old Pedro nodded. "Every time I see him. He sends a friendly message. And bids me tell you that somehow he will get out of this."

"But Pedro —" Nicholas whispered huskily — "Could that be possible?"

The old man glanced warily up and down the empty street then, bending upon Nicholas an eye turned surprisingly penetrating, he began speaking in a low tone.

"I should not tell you this, Nicco. But you love Jose as we do, and therefore you are one of us. Now listen, there is just one chance that Jose may escape. If he goes to Barcelona he is lost, on that we are all agreed. Also, there is nothing to be done while he remains here, in the goal. But on the journey to the city—"

OLD Pedro lowered his voice to a whisper. "It is perhaps possible that something may occur. We do not hope greatly, but still, we hope. And if we should succeed, then Jose will make his way into the mountains, to that old mill-house where you went to fish with him. There he can lie safely till everything is forgotten."

The boy's wan face lit up with a sudden gleam. The old mill-house, by the stream . . . what a perfect place for Jose to hide!

Eagerly, all at once, he pressed the old man's arm with fierce intensity.

"Yes . . . yes!" he exclaimed fervently. "Tell him . . . tell him he must do it." And, turning, he sped away, with parted lips, as though smiling to himself, cherishing some secret, heartening thought.

To be concluded

What do you know about . . . People?

Can you identify these well-known people from their brief descriptions? Answers are on page 63.

- 1—What Australian golfer and sports writer has become world famous as a soprano?
- 2—Which U.S. Army general of World War II was called "Old Blood and Guts?"
- 3—In her early film career this successful blonde business woman was known as "The World's Sweetheart." She is . . . ?
- 4—Widow of an Australian Prime Minister, mother of a large family, and first woman to take her seat in the House of Representatives is . . . ?
- 5—Son of a Yorkshire pill manufacturer and bar-
- onet, he has a pointed beard and was knighted for his services to one of the arts. He is . . . ?
- 6—English army general, famous for his beret, is Viscount . . . of . . . ?
- 7—A nurse who won world fame for work in the polio field is . . . ?
- 8—"The Little Digger" is the nickname for . . . ?
- 9—His Christian name is Harry and he is the first citizen of the U.S.A. He is . . . ?
- 10—Which red-headed movie star has exchanged a successful film career for a role in UNESCO.

★ Yes, Wisdom gives you rounded ends



Which toothbrush against your gums?

We all know we should brush our gums! But have you ever tortured yourself with an ordinary toothbrush . . . drawn blood when you tried to brush-stimulate your gums?

With a wisdom tooth-and-gum brush you can brush your gums with comfort! Because each bristle on every Wisdom tooth-

brush has a specially rounded end.

Rounded ends are smooth against your gums. Try a Wisdom straight away. Tone up the tissues. Feel how your gums become firm.

Wisdom's arrangement of the bristles also ensures the most thorough cleansing of teeth.

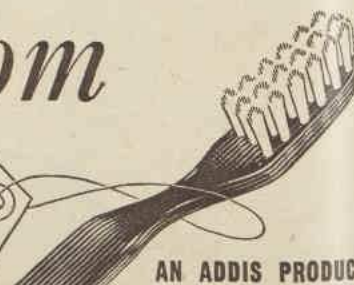
BRUSH . . . UP . . . YOUR . . . SMILE . . .



WITH THE BRUSH FOR TEETH AND GUMS

Wisdom

NYLON BRISTLE 1/10
NATURAL BRISTLE 2/6



AN ADDIS PRODUCT

I HAD about two hundred feet of line out, and as we moved into deeper water I released more.

"You probably have too much line out," said LaFleche. "When the water becomes cold the fish move up higher. Especially these little fish."

"It has been warm this September," I said. "Maybe they are still down deep."

"No," he said. "I pushed my reel and let out all my line except about ten feet, to show him who was fishing. Then the motor stopped."

"Bring in your line," he said quickly. "I will pour in more petrol. While we're stopped your line may go down too far and hit the bottom."

I didn't reel in. "You are a fool!" said Arlene suddenly. "Bring it in or you may lose the line!"

By now, since we had stopped a minute or two, my line was hanging almost straight down. I thought, "Ah, it is not worth anything, even pride, to fight on a honey-moon." Slowly I began to reel in. LaFleche finished pouring the petrol. Just as he was about

to pull the starting cord again the tip of my rod hit the water with a great jerk!

"A fish!" I yelled. I tried to reel in, but I couldn't. I let out a little, holding it taut.

"You have the bottom, without doubt," said that fool LaFleche. "It is the motion of the boat in the wind which makes it feel like a fish. This is common."

My rod gave a series of great jerks.

"You great fool!" I panted. "Your bottom is pulling me over the side!"

I reeled a little, and the fighting on the end changed gradually to a slow and steady pull; then there was heavy fighting again.

LaFleche spoke again: "When caught on the bottom, the thing is to get free. I think from the pull you must have a log. I'll turn back and go over it and perhaps the hook will come free."

At that instant my line, from pointing down deep, began to rise and become flat out and then to circle.

Suddenly Arlene screamed:

Speak To Me, Darling

Continued from page 7

"Look! It's a monster! Fight him, Armand. Fight him!"

I saw the fish rise for the second time; then he rolled and dived. "There is your log, you fraud!" I shouted, winding in a few more feet.

The fish began to rise again. I no longer had much anger for this LaFleche.

After all, he was not more than a fool. "He comes again!" I yelled. "Look!"

OF course it was a big mistake. The fish rose again, and at the same time Roger turned to see it. In doing so, for an instant he released the handle for steering, and a puff of wind twisted the boat.

And then there was a really terrible yanking and pulling on my line, as if the monster was gulping it down by the yard. The rod bent half over. I released more line. Only then did I notice it was close behind the boat.

Arlene cried out, and LaFleche shouted and banged the motor to stop it, and six feet of free line came flipping at me. The rest was gone.

"You fool!" shouted LaFleche. "You entangled the line with the propeller and probably ruined the propeller!"

For a second I was speechless, standing in the boat. Then the boat jerked, and I sat down.

"You are a great fool!" I bellowed. "You, a guide! You steal money from an honest man and tell him there are no fish, and then when he catches a record fish you lose control of the boat and allow it to escape! A record fish!"

"Peace," pleaded Arlene behind me. "Peace, Armand. It was a fine fish, but it got away. It is too bad, but do not lose your temper."

"A record fish," I groaned.

"It was not a record fish," said LaFleche. "From what I saw, it would weigh no more than thirty pounds. There once was another caught here which weighed that large. Maybe twenty years ago."

"A modern record," I groaned. "Lost by the stupidity of a man only his mother could call a guide."

"It is true," he said, "that you will probably never catch another that size, anywhere. You cannot have that luck twice."

This was the final blow. "Luck!" I screamed. "I planned that!" I stood up in the boat and shook the broken end of my line in his face.

"I let the line drop when the motor stopped. You said the fish are up high; I said they are down low. I left nothing to chance! Nothing, except you, you fat-headed fool!"

"Armand," said Arlene now, sharply. "Cease. You have lost the fish. So? What is a fish? If you are so good, you will catch more."

"Quiet!" I shouted. "You, too, my wife, taking the side of this idiot." I threw the rod in the bottom of the boat. "Quiet!" I bellowed.

They were both quiet, then. LaFleche leaned over and unwound my line from the propeller. Arlene sat in the bow. She would not face me. She was really angry with me now.

I tried to catch her eye, to smile on her, but her eye would not allow itself to be caught. When the boat docked, she got out immediately. I caught up to her near the cottage. "Arlene," I said.

"Do not talk to me," she said angrily. "You shouted at me in front of Monsieur LaFleche. It is not right."

"Arlene," I said. "It is just that I—"

Your face is your fortune

Do you enjoy parties, like sports, and make rash promises? Or are you punctual, reliable, and a bit domineering?

If you're the first type, you're almost bound to have soft round features, big eyes, broad nose, full lips, and wavy hair.

If you're the second, you have small, deep-set eyes, straight eyebrows, a long, narrow nose, thin lips, and rather big teeth.

Dr. Manfred Curry, head of the American Bioclimatic Research Institute in Southern Germany, advances a startling new theory to explain why.

He claims that the happiness of you and your marriage partner depends on which types you are.

Which type are you? A three-page article in A.M. for May, now on sale, will help you decide.

"Talk to yourself," she said. "I must go to the kitchen."

I went to the kitchen after her. I put my arm around her waist and she twisted away.

But then, not looking at me directly, she said, "Perhaps if you would even say you were sorry..."

Now I was mad. Sorry! For what? For the justice with which I had treated that fool LaFleche? Not at once could I begin doing as directed, like any dutiful husband. "I am not sorry," I said. "I wish I had thrown him in the lake."

After eating, I got up and walked to the door. "I am miserable and lonely," I said. "I think I'll go out and walk by myself—on our honey-moon."

Please turn to page 54

HERCO the all purpose LOTION



for your hands

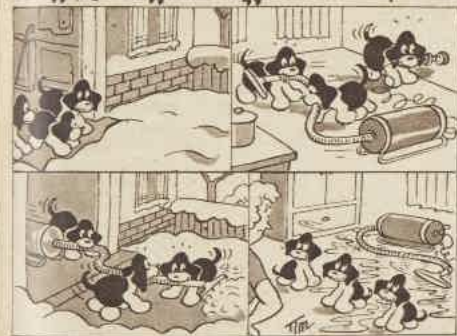
A generous application will keep your hands "evening soft" all day long. Housework, dishwashing, surfing, all cause your hands to lose the natural oils that keep the skin soft, smooth and supple. They crack, become red, chapped, sore and lose their beauty.

Replacement help is right at your finger tips when you use Herco, the all-purpose lotion, so very rich in Lanolin—the oil that is most like your own skin oil—and Olive Oil, acknowledged as the finest skin softener. You will feel the softening results every time you use satin-smooth Herco, and you will see your hands look fresher, smoother, younger.

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Big Ripe Cherries and Roasted Almonds

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CHOCOLATE BLOCK

What a thrilling blend of flavours! Your favourite "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate, together with luscious cherries and crisp, roasted almonds. Ask for MacRobertson's "CHERRY NUT" 1/4-lb. Chocolate Block.

A Distinctive Nut Block for every Taste . . .

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| <p>"RAISIN NUT"</p> <p>... Juicy raisins, toasted almonds and velvety-smooth "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate—a "meal between meals."</p> | <p>"FRUIT SALAD"</p> <p>... Cherries, pineapple, candied peel, cuminquats and ginger—all blended with "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate.</p> | <p>"ASSORTED NUT"</p> <p>... Walnuts, Hazels, Almonds, Cashews and Brazils set in smooth "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate.</p> |
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All made by MacRobertson The Great Name in Confectionery.

WITH such eloquence, I thought perhaps I wouldn't have to depend on that food LaFleche.

"Do not lose your temper and kick a stone and break your leg," said Arlene.

I went out without slamming the door, because now I felt a sort of pride that I was seeking my way out of this dilemma like an honest man.

Instead of bowing miserably to my wife in our first quarrel, I was maintaining my own principles and would make her see I was right, instead of letting her force me to say cravenly I was wrong.

Later I banged on LaFleche's door. In a minute he came, wearing only his long underwear and carrying a rifle.

He didn't put away the rifle when he saw me.

"LaFleche," I said. "Roger, my friend. I cannot sleep because I was mean to you today."

"I do not wish to speak with you," he said, trying to close the door.

"Roger!" In my eagerness I implored him, not even trying to make a bargain. "I wish to put you in the way of making twenty-five dollars."

"Come in," he said.

His cabin was small, but warm from the stove in the middle of the room.

Madame LaFleche called from the room behind, "Who is it?"

"A penitent Desjardins," I called.

"Ah," she said.

By the time LaFleche prepared the light she was in a dressing-gown. We sat by the stove.

"It is this," I confessed. "This is our honeymoon, but Arlene is angry with me because of losing my temper today."

Speak To Me, Darling

Continued from page 53

LaFleche did not speak, but his wife nodded with understanding and sympathy for me.

"What I wish done involves only the truth of what you said about knowing how to catch a big fish, Roger," I said. "Also, that you take Arlene to fish with you to-morrow."

Then I told my plan. Roger shook his head. "It would make me look like a fool."

"You often look like a fool without payment," said Madame LaFleche. "It is not too much to ask that once you are also well paid."

"No," he said.

"Twenty-five dollars," moaned Madame LaFleche. "The trip to see my mother and father. A nice dress to wear. Ah, that you should deny me this..." She began to cry in a small way.

For once I was on the same side as a woman's tears. Roger must have been beaten by them before. He had no stamina. He rose suddenly and sighed and held the door open. "Go," he said with resignation. "Go. It will be done. But first give me the money."

"After it is done," I said.

"Now," said Madame LaFleche sharply.

I gave him the money.

The next morning it was nine o'clock when Madame LaFleche called. Arlene and I were sitting politely, but silently, near the stove.

"Will you fish to-day?" Madame LaFleche asked. She looked anxiously at me, with the sympathy clear in her face again to-day.

Arlene was about to speak.

"No," I said.

"Why not?" Arlene asked quickly, although I'm sure that if I'd allowed her to speak first she also would have said no. "It is not right that your childish temper should

end our fishing for all week."

"We will not fish again," I said. The direction of women is accomplished by indirect means.

Arlene looked at Madame LaFleche. "At what time should we begin to fish?"

"Roger says now is best," Madame LaFleche winked at me. I winked in return.

"Very well," I shouted, "you will fish, but I will not!"

When they left, I followed. I wished to assure myself that this criminal LaFleche knew what he was doing. He was on the landing. Beside him were three small dead perch which he had netted from the shallow water.

AS I watched, he cut about two inches from the tail of each perch and fastened a tail to one of the three large hooks in the shiny silver wobbler on Arlene's line. Next, from a small tin beside him, he took some raw liver, which, in turn, he fastened to the handle of a honey-pail with the lid on.

Then I knew at least part of his secret. I had seen people who fish through the ice in the St. Lawrence tie up liver in this way. When lowered into the water, the blood soaking out from the liver attracts fish, and when a baited hook is played nearby the chances are good for a catch. The honey pail puzzled me, however.

I felt suddenly, although without evidence, that Arlene was softening slightly toward me, as any warmhearted girl would, and Arlene is warmhearted. Possibly she had suffered as much as I had. But she was proud. She gave no sign.

I retired behind the trees and watched Madame La-

Fleche climb up to the bow of the boat, while my beautiful Arlene sat in the middle. I longed for her and felt a slight pain at the price she would now have to pay.

LaFleche pulled the starting cord. Of course, nothing happened. But in a few more pulls the engine went, and the boat headed out on the lake.

The day before we had trolled only in front of the cottages. This day he went fast over the calm water toward a point about half a mile to the right of the cottages. I followed along the shore, keeping out of sight among the trees.

Then, when they stopped, I sat on a stone under a pine tree with the branches hanging close to the ground, so that they could not see me.

While the boat was stopped, LaFleche tossed the bag containing the liver and the stone, for weight, over the side. He unwound line from the old honey-pail and then placed it in the water.

I understood then. The pail was a float, to mark the position of the liver. He took the boat away from the pail in a large circle, about half a mile, while Arlene let out her line. Then, at low speed, they headed back toward the pail.

In my mind I could picture the lure on Arlene's line, looking even more like a small fish because it had the tail of a perch attached to it. They went by the pail once, and nothing happened.

I held my head. "Ah," I thought, "the twenty-five dollars is gone, and nothing will happen. The fish have forgotten the signals of this fool LaFleche."

Again nothing. Again nothing. For an hour or more I watched in sadness. Then, nearly at noon, there was a loud cry from Arlene.

The boat was nearly two hundred feet past the honey-pail and the rod in her hand was jerking like a small tree in a high wind.

"It's a big one!" she cried. "A monster. I have it! Ah, he's running." Her line now seemed to go straight down.

She reeled in for a minute, slowly, and then the fish went out again, and still LaFleche did not make the boat weave.

"My hand is falling off," I heard Arlene cry. "This fish pulls like a horse." The excitement in her voice made shivers run along my back as I waited impatiently for LaFleche to act as we had agreed.

In a few minutes, about one hundred and fifty feet behind the boat, the fish surfaced. Of course, it was not as big as the one I had lost. But it was big. Maybe twelve or fifteen pounds.

"See?" cried Arlene. "He is forty pounds!"

"Forty-five!" screamed Madame LaFleche.

And then LaFleche twisted the boat suddenly, so that Arlene's line moved swiftly towards the propeller. But no! She sprang to her feet in the middle of the boat and held her rod high, so that the back of the boat went by her line without catching it.

There was no noise from her now. The fish turned and rolled on the surface again, and then stood on his tail and shook his head like a puppy dog. Indeed, it was a good trout—perhaps, as they said, almost as big as the one I had lost.

LaFleche twisted the boat again. Again Arlene stood and held her rod high so the line missed the end of the boat.

This fish was one hundred feet behind now, and coming easier because it was many minutes since he had been caught and he was tiring.

LA FLECHE twisted the boat again and again, but Arlene stood up in the middle and took a step towards the stern so it would be easier for her to keep the line from entangling in the propeller, despite LaFleche.

That fool LaFleche! He twisted the boat this way and that way, but Arlene kept the line clear. And then she reached out suddenly with one foot and jabbed downward.

There was a great howl from LaFleche, who held his hat, and the boat straightened, and then Arlene pulled the fish alongside and grabbed a gill and, with a long, heavy pull, got it over the side with a thump.

"Take me home now," heard Arlene cry. She seemed all out of breath. Quickly I ran along behind the trees, a great anger filling my head like a balloon.

He had only succeeded in making it possible for Arlene to show me how I might have saved my fish, yesterday, by standing up. "She won't be angry with him," I thought. "He'll say he didn't twist the boat, that the fish swam that way and that."

And a fisherman who has just caught a big fish does not often retain anger, even against enemies of a lifetime.

I reached the landing as the boat arrived. Arlene jumped out—and I jumped down and grabbed that LaFleche and pulled him out of his boat across the fish, which looked as big as a whale, maybe twenty-five pounds.

"You fool!" I shouted. "You are ten thousand times greater imbecile than even I considered! Give me back my twenty-five dollars! Give it back, I say. That is stealing my money!"

Please turn to page 55



Hey, Mummy!

WHERE'S THAT COLD I HAD LAST NIGHT?



LAST NIGHT, Mother rubbed my chest, throat and back with Vicks VapoRub. I began to feel better right then and there!



WHILE I SLEPT, I kept breathing in VapoRub's soothing, medicinal vapours. They cleared my nose, and calmed my cough.



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PLEASANT! Children love it, grown-ups too!

QUICK! Relieves nose, throat, chest and cough almost instantly. Works direct and keeps on working for hours. Why take chances on untried remedies when Vicks VapoRub has proved its worth in so many millions of homes?



"I could hardly believe my ears!"



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Well—I'm a Vegemite fan myself and it's certainly good to know that Vegemite is so good for me!"

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Delicious
VEGEMITE
—richer,
more economical.

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MOTHER OF BABY MODEL WRITES

Says Mrs. Woolcott, of Moorabbin, Victoria—

"I have read where many children have had Vegemite since they were 6 months old, but my babe commenced taking it in the bottle at 6 weeks old. She started modelling at nine months old, and everyone says she is a living recommendation for Vegemite!"

Speak To Me, Darling

Continued from page 54

I SHOOK him, and Madame LaFleche screamed, and I jammed my hand in his pocket and extracted my twenty-five dollars. And then behind me I heard a deep indrawing of breath and Arlene began.

"LaFleche," she cried, "Armand made only one mistake yesterday—he didn't throw you into the lake. A guide! You don't even keep the boat straight. If I didn't stab your toe with my foot when the fish came close to the boat, even I could not have landed him! Armand! Throw him in the lake!"

What is this? The anger is here, even with the fish! I had underestimated Arlene's strength of character. I was so surprised at her that I let go of LaFleche, and he turned and ran up the bank.

Madame LaFleche pulled herself from the boat. "Twenty-five dollars," she moaned. "Twenty-five dollars! Gone, the trip to my parents. Gone, my new dress!" Then, of a sudden, she paused and looked at me.

In fear, I recognised that look—an unequal conflict between sadness at the loss of money and gratefulness that Arlene and I were reunited. A kind woman, but she should not be tempted too far.

I spoke quickly. "Madame LaFleche," I said, "it is not your fault that you have a great fool for a husband. If you will keep him away in future, here is the twenty-five dollars, anyway, because in spite of him my Arlene caught a big fish."

For a second or two surprise held her motionless. Then she accepted the money and ran

after her husband, who had so nearly wrecked her plans.

I turned towards Arlene. "My darling," I said, and my voice almost wouldn't come. "We both were victims of this great fool who almost spoiled our honeymoon. Now all will be well."

She drew away suddenly and looked at me. "That money," she said. "Why were you taking that money from LaFleche?"

I could feel the unseen stars above taking sides, honesty against happiness, and I searched for the words which would allow some of one and much of the other.

"I gave it to him to take you where you could catch a big fish," I said. "Last night, on my walk."

She kissed me, laughing, in the broad, clear daylight of September in Quebec, and I could say no more. And who should argue with fate? She took my hand, and started towards our cottage.

"You can come back later and prepare the fish," she said.

"Of course," she added, smiling, "it's not too difficult to land a big fish, even with that fool LaFleche steering. If you are a fisherman of great alertness like me, it is possible."

Inside me, I shrugged. It would be a long time before I'd be allowed to forget that I had lost a fish and she had landed one, with the same fool at the engine.

But a man, in truth, cannot have everything. I thought of this fine week to come, of our honeymoon now really beginning, and I said—but with care, only to myself—"Pouf, what is a fish?"

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Needlework Notions

No. 813—DUCHESS SET
A pretty duchesse set traced ready to embroider in cream and white Irish linen; also British cotton in green, pink, blue, and lemon, or organdie in white, green, pink, blue, and lemon. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen, 7/11 complete set; cotton or organdie, 5/6 complete set.

No. 814—NIGHTGOWN
This lovely nightgown features a fitted top and softly gathered skirt. The gown is cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine; the color choice includes white, pale blue and pink. Sizes: 32in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. bust, 42/6.

No. 815—BOY'S OVERCOAT
A trim overcoat for the young boy is available cut out ready to make in brush wool coating with corduroy velvet-trimming. The color choice includes green with dark green corduroy velvet collar, fawn with brown corduroy collar, and grey with royal blue corduroy velvet collar. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs. price 27/6; Length 19in., 3yrs. price 29/6; Length 20in., 4yrs. price 31/-; Length 21in., 5yrs. price 33/9.

No. 816—THREE TEA-TOWELS
Attractively designed tea-towels with blue, red, lemon, and green borders are traced ready to embroider in cream Irish linen. Towels measure 22in. x 22in. Price 5/6; set of three 12/9.

• NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 5/11 are sent by registered post.

• Send your orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 42. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

813

814

815

816

JOINT PAINS

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or crippling stiffness

Those unexpected jabs in the joints and muscles—have you ever stopped and wondered what might be the cause of the trouble—have you ever suspected faulty kidney action?

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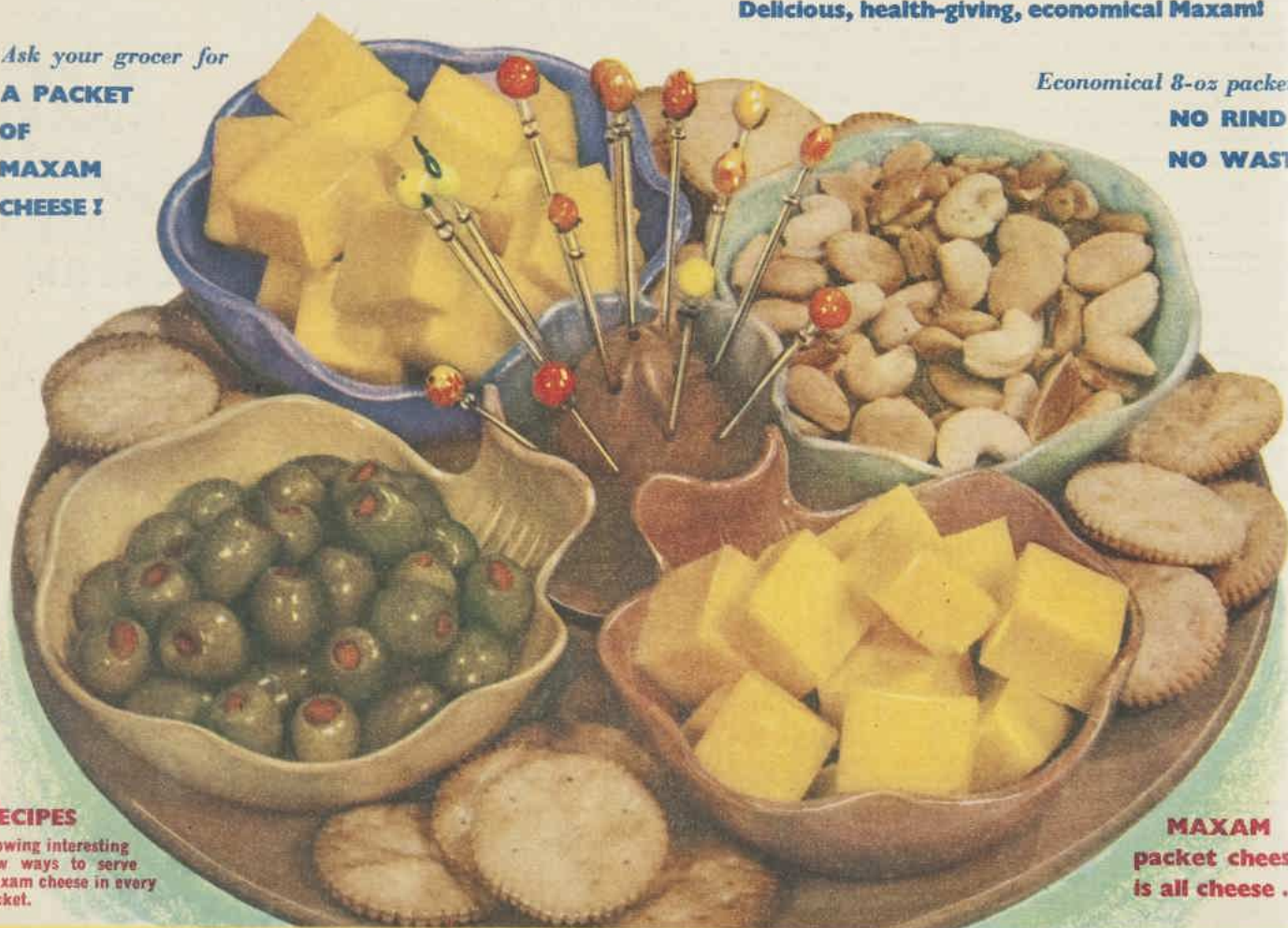
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American Medley

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

THE dishes illustrated, and other recipes on the page, are not all expensive to prepare. Some are included that are easy on the budget while stimulating to the taste. Some are dinner-party style, others are hearty everyday fare.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHICKEN AND RICE

Chop 1 onion and 1 green pepper. Put 2 tablespoons of olive oil in frying pan over direct heat. Add chopped onion and green pepper and cook for 2 minutes. Pour into casserole and add 1 cup tomato puree and 1 chicken, which has been cooked and dissected. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup washed rice and 2 cups hot water. Simmer gently until rice is cooked. Garnish with cress.

BISCUIT TORTONI

One cup dried, crushed macaroon crumbs, 1-3rd cup sherry, 1 cup cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.

Soak macaroon crumbs in sherry for 1 hour. Whip cream, adding sugar a little at a time while beating. Fold in macaroon mixture. Freeze without stirring in freezing-tray of refrigerator.

Serving Suggestion: This mixture is delicious, but very rich. It is good spooned on top of fruit salad as illustrated.

FOR THE HORS-D'OEUVRE PLATTER

1. Avocado Spread (See color photograph): Put the pulp of two avocados through a sieve or wire strainer. Add salt, pepper, and garlic vinegar to thin to desired consistency. Do not add any oil as avocado provides its own. Place in a bowl. Serve with potato crisps, which are used to dip the mixture from the bowl. If desired a garnish of sliced, stuffed olives may be added.

2. Garlic Olives: Add a clove of garlic to a bottle of olives and remove after 24 hours.

3. Bacon and Cheese: Coat cubes of bread with grated cheese. Wrap in a piece of bacon, secure with a cocktail stick. Grill until cheese is melted and bacon crisp.

4. Bacon and Peanut Butter: Spread peanut butter on oblongs of toast, sprinkle with chopped bacon, and grill.

SOUTHERN BISQUE

Heat one can of tomato soup and add 1 cup of corn and 1 cup of milk. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add 1 tablespoon of butter. Serve very hot, topped with whipped cream or toast croutons.

Continued on page 58

• Recipes on this page have been culled from an interesting American book called "An Odd Volume of Cookery."



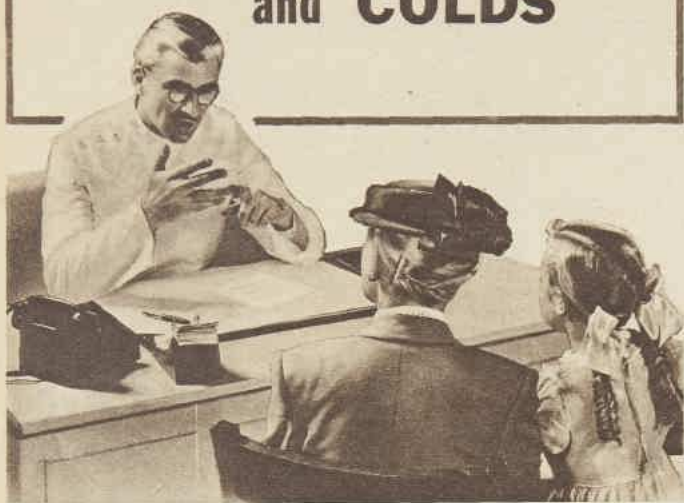
GREEN PEPPER, tomato puree, and onion are the main flavorings in this appetizing and very satisfying dish of chicken and rice.



AVOCADO, a delicately flavored tropical fruit, is delicious filled with crabmeat salad. For a savory spread, pulp the avocado, flavor with garlic vinegar, and serve with potato crisps. LEFT: A rich and luscious biscuit tortoni, made from macaroon crumbs, sweetened cream, and sherry, is good served with fruit salad.



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Breakfast dish wins £5

● An appetising and satisfying breakfast savory with suggestions for three fillings wins this week's main prize of £5.



HAVE YOU EVER TRIED mock pears when chokoes are in season? Peel and halve chokoes and simmer in sugar syrup flavored with lemon rind and cloves until tender. Serve cold.

CHOKOES SUPREME, which wins a Consolation Prize this week, is an interesting and tempting role for chokoes. Serve it for luncheon or dinner.

ALTHOUGH called a breakfast savory, its appeal is not limited to the first meal of the day. Served with any of the fillings suggested, or others you may prefer, it will make a hearty luncheon dish.

All spoon measurements are level.

BREAKFAST SAVORY

One tin. thick slice of day-old bread, 5 tablespoons boiling milk, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper to taste, 1oz. butter or other shortening.

Remove crusts from bread, place in basin and pour over boiling milk, allow to stand 10 minutes. Add egg, beat thoroughly until mixture is smooth. Add parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Prepare an omelet pan by heating half the butter until light brown, pour out butter and wipe pan clean with kitchen paper. Add remaining butter, melt, pour in egg mixture. Allow to set and brown underneath over gentle heat. Brown top under hot griller or turn in pan with broad-bladed knife. Place on heated serving-dish, spoon filling over half and fold over. Serve immediately.

Suggested Fillings:

Kidney and Onion: Melt 1oz. butter or other shortening in pan, add 1 tablespoon chopped onion, and 1 sheep's kidney (previously soaked, skinned, and diced). Fry until

lightly browned, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, and 1 dessertspoon flour. Stir until smooth, allow to brown and cook for 2 to 3 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and stir while mixture comes to boiling point. Season with salt and pepper.

Brains and Corn: Combine 1 set diced, cooked sheep's brains, 1 dessertspoon diced, fried bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked or tinned corn (or use cooked rice), and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sauce. Season with salt and pepper and heat.

Cauliflower and Anchovy Cheese: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup medium thickness white sauce with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon anchovy sauce. Add 1 cup cooked cauliflower sprigs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese. Fold together lightly, season with salt and pepper and heat.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Walker, 7 Seabrook St., Mount Hawthorn, W.A.

CHOKOES SUPREME

Four large chokoes, 1 cup cooked flaked fish, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 3 to 4 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Wash and peel chokoes, cut in halves, scoop out centre pith. Cook gently in salted water until tender—do not allow to break. Drain carefully. Combine white sauce, fish, lemon juice, Worcester-

shire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Pile fish mixture into centre cavities of chokoes. Coat liberally with grated cheese and brown lightly under hot griller or in moderately hot oven. Serve garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Martin, 8 Wingrove Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

SPICED TREACLE TEACAKE

One cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon treacle, 1 tablespoon butter or other shortening, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, milk to mix.

Sift flour with soda, baking powder, and spices. Place treacle, butter, and sugar in saucepan, bring to boiling point. Pour into dry ingredients, fold in lightly, adding sufficient milk to make a soft scone dough. Knead lightly on floured board and press out to fit greased 7in. or 8in. sandwich-tin. Cover with topping made by adding 1 tablespoon melted butter to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Cut while warm into wedges and serve with butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Coleman, Goomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

American Medley Continued from page 57

PEACH AND RICE MERINGUE

Scald 3 cups milk in double boiler. Add 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice, and cook 45 minutes, or until rice is tender. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, 1 tablespoon butter, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Mix with a fork. Spread rice in glass casserole about an inch deep. Arrange halves of canned peaches on rice. Top with meringue made by beating until stiff the whites of 2 eggs and adding slowly, while beating, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Fold in few grains

salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond flavoring. Dust meringue with powdered sugar and bake in a slow oven until meringue becomes a delicate brown. Serve hot or cold. For 6.

AVOCADO HALVES WITH CRABMEAT SALAD

Cut ripe avocado in halves and remove seed. Brush well with lemon juice. Chill. Just before serving fill centre of avocado with crabmeat salad.

Crabmeat Salad: Mix 2 cups crabmeat with 1 cup diced celery. Add mayonnaise to taste. Season well

with salt and pepper. Fill avocado halves with crabmeat mixture, top with mayonnaise, and garnish with chopped hard-cooked eggs and capers.

CORN FRITTERS

Drain $\frac{1}{2}$ can of cream-style corn. Put in bowl and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch paprika, well-beaten yolk of 1 egg. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fresh lard. Fry golden brown. Drain on paper. Yields 12 small fritters.

For Mother's Day

"Old Gold"

Chocolates

A sweet gift which Mother will love. An expression of your affection and appreciation that you *know* is in the very best of taste. 23 delicious chocolate creations in two inviting layers. A selection slip inside helps you to choose each variety in this half-pound or the 1-lb. box.



"Say it with
'Old Gold'!"



... or "ROMANCE"
Milk Chocolate Assortment.

You may know that Mother likes milk chocolate best. Then you'll delight her with this luscious assortment of 23 quality soft and hard centres, smoothly coated with Mac. Robertson's rich milk chocolate.



... or perhaps "SCORCHED ALMONDS"

Perhaps you know Mother has a particular liking for "Scorched Almonds". Then give her this attractive box containing the most delicious "Scorched Almonds" of all... Mac. Robertson's... big, fresh almonds generously coated with smooth rich milk chocolate.



All made by *MacRobertson* The Great Name in Confectionery

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Any tendency to digestive disturbances should be countered by chewing one or two Quick-Eze Anacid Tablets after each meal. In the average case this will prevent after-meal discomfort.

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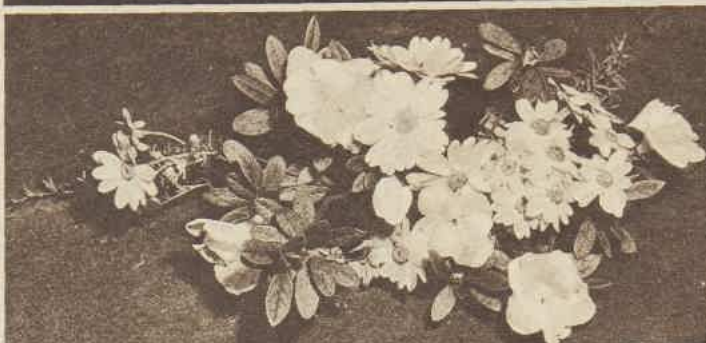
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Wrapped in spill-proof, dust-proof, protective foil, Quick-Eze stay active and fresh to the last tablet. And they are conveniently on sale EVERYWHERE!

QUICK-EZE 6⁰ PER PKT.
for INDIGESTION

Quick flower arrangements



THESE SIMPLE YET UNUSUAL flower arrangements by Mrs. W. Terrell, a visitor from California, U.S.A., were each accomplished in the short space of five minutes. She used kitchenware, needlepoint holders, a few flowers, and some greenery to gain the desired effect. The decorative flower arrangement shown above is suitable for a low coffee-table.



THIS STRIKING ARRANGEMENT featuring arum lilies, daisies, and stock, is suitable for a dining-table or entrance hall.



GAY RANUNCULI, lachenalia, and some greenery were skillfully arranged so that the flowers would be attractive from any angle.

Tailored elegance

An essential for the larger figure is a jersey with smart tailored lines.

HERE are simple, easy-to-follow directions, which will enable you to make one:

Materials: 9 skeins "Sun-Glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, or 11 skeins "Sun-Glo" Gypsy wool, shade No. 2332 (Aqua; this is the only wool that should be used); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 5 small buttons; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in.; bust, 42-44in.; length of sleeve seam, 19in.

Note: For 46in. bust, use No. 9 instead of No. 10 needles.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together. Tension: 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 4in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until inc. to 150 sts. When work measures 13in., shape armholes by casting off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every second row 5 times. When armholes measure 4 1/2 in., divide sts. for back opening as follows: K 58, leave remaining 32 sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on these 58 sts., making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. above opening, and 2 more 1in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row (wrong side): P 3, cast off 2 sts., p to end.
2nd Row: K to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 3.

When armhole measures 8 1/2 in., shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Cast off remaining sts. Join wool at centre back, cast on 6 sts., k to end of row. Cont. in st-st., keeping 6 cast-on sts. in garter-st., and shape shoulder to correspond with other side.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armhole shaping is complete. Cont. in st-st. until armholes measure 6 1/2 in.

Next Row: K 46 (leave on a spare needle), cast off 18 sts., k 46. Cont. on last 46 sts., and k 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every second row until dec. to 36 sts. When armhole measures 8 1/2 in., shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at armhole edge every second row 3 times. Join wool at neck edge, and work other side to correspond.



SMARTNESS hinges on straight lines in this jersey designed for a 42 to 46in. bust. Its restrained simplicity will allow a vivid color choice to brighten winter outfits.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 4in. (working first row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every sixth row until inc. to 104 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every second row until dec. to 74 sts., then every row until dec. to 30 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 112 sts. around neck. Work 6 rows rib of k 1, p 1.

Next Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 4 sts.

Work 2 rows rib. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 1 row of d.c. down back opening. Sew on buttons.



93%
had BAD TEETH

Last year an examination by dentists of 75,000 Australian children, between 6 and 9 years showed that 93% of them had some unsound teeth.

Though only a dentist can remove dental trouble, Pyrex used daily to help to prevent it. Pyrex Tooth Powder is ideal for young children. It will keep their teeth gleaming white, protect the gums, and is the perfect dental hygiene.

Protect your children's teeth and gums (and your own) with



PYREX
Antiseptic
PEROXIDE TOOTH POWDER

2/- per bottle.

Travelling the Armchair Route

"What's the matter, Joe? You're not looking your usual happy self."

"Or feeling it. What with staff shortages, the world situation, high cost of living, and all the rest, I've had everything! You don't know of a convenient coral island by any chance?"

"One of those places complete with palms, birds, sleepy lagoon, moonlight and balmy breezes, I suppose?"

"That's it, Bill! One stipulation, though, those breezes must be balmy. You know—not too hot, not too cold, but just right!"

"Mildness is all, eh, Joe?" "That's it, Bill! Speaking of mildness, and coming down to earth, what about a Black and White Cigarette?"

Black and White are specially blended for those who enjoy a mild cigarette. Smooth and cool-smoking, they combine the perfect mildness of truly fine tobacco with satisfying richness and mellowness of flavour. Ask your tobacconist for Black and White Cigarettes.



Ssh! Ssh! Want to hear a secret? Betty Hutton, the dynamic Paramount star who's making "The Greatest Show on Earth," has a SPECIAL secret to tell you. "The ideal beauty snap for even the most delicate skin is Lux Toilet Soap," says Betty. "I make sure I NEVER miss my daily active bath, facials and Lux beauty bath." Are you a Lux girl, too?

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never go a
bad colour!



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Department, 272 Little Collins St.,
Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57
The Arcade St., Adelaide; and
Harris Ltd., Perth.

For informative folder, mention this
page and write to "VANIX," Box
10, G.P.O., Melbourne.



INFORMAL LIVING-ROOM features a settee and chair upholstered in a striking peasant-patterned linen in red, yellow, blue, and white. The easy chair and stool are in plain red; the dining-chair seats are yellow, the rug is off-white. This trio of interiors by Joyce Brown, of Anthony Hordern's, was among the exhibits at the recent Sydney Show.

Furniture for to-day's homes

● Pictured on this page are three attractive rooms specially designed for present-day living conditions. The furniture was made by local craftsmen from Australian woods, mainly hand-polished myrtle, maple, and lacquered pine. Designed on simple lines, it is offset by charming color schemes.



NEW IDEA in furniture for a bedroom with built-in storage space: wrought-iron painted lemon-yellow is combined with white lacquered wood and teams nicely with blue-grey walls, deeper-toned carpet, and yellow curtains. The living-room (below) has white walls, tan carpet; curtains in yellow, white, and nigger; suite upholstered in yellow, brown, green, and lime.



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SR 49 WW122g

Oh! my aching shoulder!

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WAWN'S WONDER WOOL
for Rheumatism, Neuritis, Muscular Aches and Pains and Flu!

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Page 62

Fashion PATTERNS

6406



F6406.—Slim one-piece has peaked collar and soft shoulder-line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

F6407.—Beginner's pattern for a smartly styled jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 54in. material, with 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Special price, 1/6.

F6408.—Child's cosy winter dressing-gown, design is suitable for boy or girl. Sizes 29, 33, 37, and 41in. lengths for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds. 54in. material, plus 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price 2/6.

F6409.—Child's sleeping pyjamas, button fastening at waistline. Sizes 25, 29, 31, and 33in. lengths for 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F6410.—Smart one-piece has white contrast for trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrasting material. Price, 2/6.

F6411.—Tailored suit features new season's fashion detail, long revers, cuffed sleeves, and pocket flaps. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 2/9.

6409



6411



6412



6410



F6412.—Attractively styled skirt and waistcoat ensemble. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1yd. 54in. material for waistcoat and 2yds. 54in. material for skirt. Price 2/9.

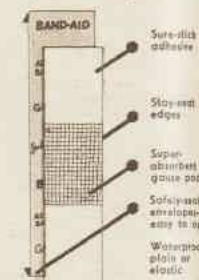
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Spring and Susan

Continued from page 4

We've been playing marbles for a long time now."

Susan broke in, "So long that we can almost call each other's shots before we make them, can't we? Well, it's been fun, Paul. I'll miss our 'Five O'Clocks'."

Casual but not as he had planned it. Paul walked through London now, his mind half-filled with regrets, half-filled with the cynical assurance that next time he saw Susan she would still be with The Beard.

He broke into his thoughts and asked his reflection staring bleakly at him from a shop window, "You were saying something about flying to the Continent?"

He had told Susan that "The Moment" was sending him on a roving assignment of post-war Europe. They were. It was his idea.

He would be gone a month or more, time enough to rearrange his emotions, he thought, and come back to a new page in the book, a page with a clean surface.

Already he was wondering if he would see Susan at any of Laurette's parties, and resolved to avoid parties when he came back.

When he came back? He hadn't even made a plane reservation yet. "Get moving," he brusquely told himself now, and hurried unthinkingly through the darkness.

A month wasn't long enough Paul discovered when he came back.

LONDON was the same; he was the same. Susan might be walking around each corner as he came into it.

He was ready for a rest when the morning came that promised spring before the day's end. He could smell it in the oily air, hear it in the murmur of the city, and he felt it in the breeze that was warm on his cheek through the open window. The breeze was like Susan the first time he had seen her.

He went out, to walk through streets that seemed to be of a new city.

At five o'clock Paul found himself walking in the direction of "Their Place." He had a hankering for loganberry jam and something more. Though he thought a nervous moment about old wounds, he walked doggedly on and into the familiar warm chintzy atmosphere.

The gaunt head waitress smiled her wintry smile, as she had done a hundred times before, and led him around a corner of the room to where their table was hidden from the door. He wanted to say, "No. I've changed my mind; I don't want any tea with loganberry jam," but he didn't.

"Good party," mumbled Paul.

"Delirious," she replied. They were silent, waiting for a word that would be the ending. Now he realised that the word might have been another beginning.

Now, he asked himself, "Supposing you'd been honest?"

He shook his head. No, if he'd been honest and told Susan he was in love with her... Poor Susan! She wanted somebody to play marbles with. How disconcerting to have a love-sick suitor on her hands!

So he had said instead, "A change will do us both good."

When he entered, Susan was there. In a yellow dress the color of daffodils, she sat contemplatively balancing a spoon on the edge of her cup.

"I can put you at this table, sir," said the gaunt head waitress.

Susan looked up, chin tilted, eyes wide, lips a little parted. Did they tremble for a minute? But she was smiling.

"Hello, Paul. I heard you were back."

"Hello, Sue. Yes, I'm back. I dropped by only for a minute. Couldn't bear the office. Something about this day..."

He looked at her, lost. "I know," she said.

He was sitting opposite her now. He looked long into her eyes. She met his gaze and held it.

Straightforward and honest Susan, he thought, with a sudden rush of tenderness.

He said, "Sue..." and hesitated.

"Yes, Paul?"

"Well, Sue," brusquely now, "what have you been doing with yourself? Who's the new man in your life?"

"Nobody in particular," she said brightly. "Freelancing this season."

"Susan..." He had hardly been listening. "Susan," he said.

"Yes, Paul?"

"Sue, darling," the words rushed out. "Sue, I love you. Do you mind terribly? I honestly meant not to bother you with my woes. I wouldn't have if... if..."

He spread his hands to indicate this place, this hour, this meeting.

He went on speaking, his eyes fixed on the white tabletop. "But, darling," he said, "this time, I know, I'm not kidding myself. This is no imitation. Sue..."

He stopped, because he had looked up from the table to find her eyes closed.

"Sue," he spoke more softly, "don't feel that you owe me anything. It's I who owe everything to you, but..."

"Oh, Paul," she was crying little tears. "How long have you known? Paul, is that why you went away?"

She saw the answer in his face. "Oh, my darling, if I'd known..."

She leaned across the table to meet his lips. The gaunt head waitress gave a small scream and led a customer in the opposite direction.

"This," said Paul, "this is the beginning again, a new start, isn't it?" he asked.

"Sweetheart, it began a long time ago."

He took her hand and pressed the small, cool fingers into his palm.

"And no more games of marbles, Sue?"

"Darling, even the most backward girls in Canada grow out of the habit."

"And the most backward boys?" he asked worriedly.

She laughed huskily. "They, too, Paul," she said.

"Sue, it's spring."

"That's because it's five o'clock, Paul."

They were wordless then, and in a few minutes they walked from "Their Place," at "Their Hour," into "Their City!"

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A GENTLE, EFFECTIVE LAXATIVE

There's more in Wytex than meets the eye



Get a Wytex Sundowner and you've got more than just one new garment... you have two or three, for Sundowner has so many uses. Wonderful for the beach with skirt, shorts, slacks; and with your ballroom skirts—perfect! Sun-up to sundown, your Sundowner flatters—stays put... because it's elastic-woven and tubular, and it keeps its good shape, too. In gay stripes and lovely, new plain shades. From all stores. Take Sundowner with you on your holidays.

Sundowner
ANOTHER WYTEX PRODUCT

QUICKER SAFER EASIER
the NEW **ACTIVATED OLD DUTCH CLEANSER**
DISSOLVES GREASE
Chases Dirt
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
MADE WITH BLEACHING
Chases Dirt!



Blossom out in winter-bright alpha fair isle sweaters!



Dozens of dazzling colours for babies, boys, girls and women! Sizes 20-22"-19/6; 24-26"-26/6; 28-32"-29/6; 35W-W-38/6.

For men only: Sizes 30S-34S-24/6; also in all-woolness: Knit style-29/6.

What a blithe, bonny crop
— and so thrifty!

PURE WOOL AND WASHABLE—and the season's prize value in fashionable Fair Isles! Only Alpha has such beauties! Bright as berries! Warm as a wood-fire! And cuffs, basques and neckbands are *double*, for double the wear! Colours and sizes for everyone in the family, but *mostly* for youngsters! Grown-ups please HURRY before they're all snapped up!



**DON'T MISS OUT — GET YOUR ALPHA
FAIR ISLE TODAY! (All leading stores)**



GOES EVERYWHERE IN TOP STYLE

ALPHA KNITWEAR PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

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